



MICKEY FINN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

FEATURE

COMICS

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★
2



FEBRUARY
No. 107

The **DOLL MAN**
FALLS INTO THE CLUTCHES OF
The **HAND OF HORROR!**



BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



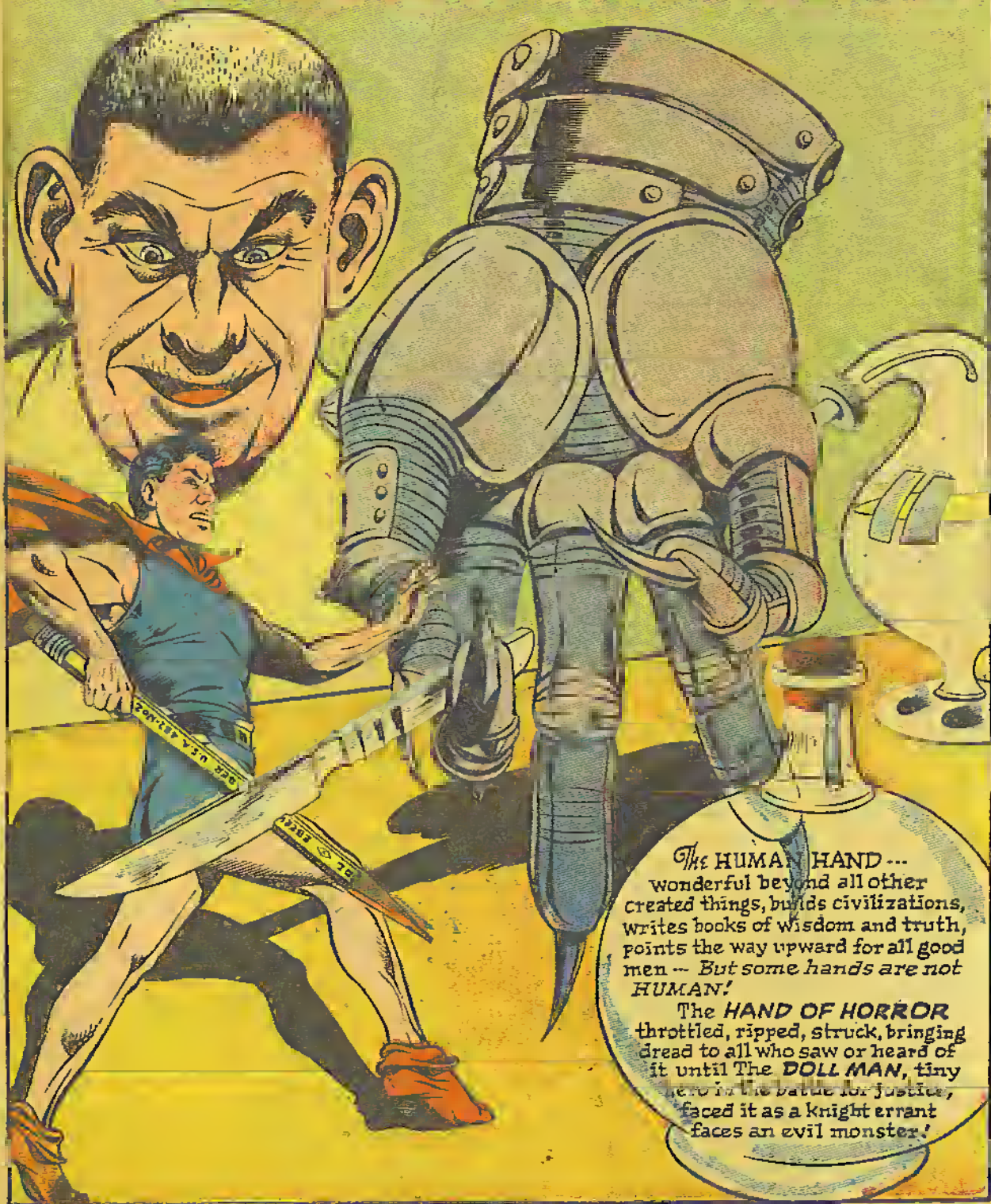
PERKY



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Mysteries', 'Daring Adventures', 'Exciting Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Eerie', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.

The DOLL MAN



The HUMAN HAND ...
wonderful beyond all other
created things, builds civilizations,
writes books of wisdom and truth,
points the way upward for all good
men -- But some hands are not
HUMAN!

The **HAND OF HORROR**
throttled, ripped, struck, bringing
dread to all who saw or heard of
it until The **DOLL MAN**, tiny
hero in the battle for justice,
faced it as a knight errant
faces an evil monster!

Darrel Dane, young scientist, is *The Doll Man*! And the only one who knows the secret is Dr. Roberts....

OBSERVE THE REACTION OF THIS CHEMICAL, DR. ROBERTS! OR DO YOU SEE IT? YOU SEEM MOODY!

I'M JUST REFLECTING ON MY PART IN SOLVING A CRIME TWENTY YEARS AGO, DARREL!



THE PAPER SAYS THAT THE **CRIMESMITH** IS BEING RELEASED FROM PRISON ON PAROLE!

THE **CRIMESMITH**? I REMEMBER--THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED A CRIMINAL GENIUS WHO MADE WONDERFUL WEAPONS FOR GANGS IN THE HEYDAYS OF ORGANIZED CRIME!



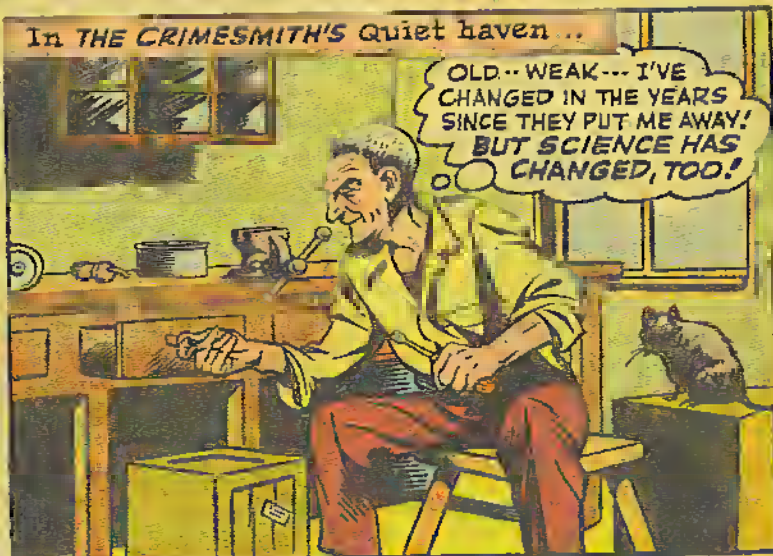
I BELIEVE YOU WERE THE SCIENTIFIC EXPERT WHO TESTIFIED AGAINST HIM IN COURT! ARE YOU WORRIED?

NO, NO! HE WAS A MODEL PRISONER, AND NOW HE'S TOO OLD TO BE A MENACE! HE'S RETIRING TO HIS SUBURBAN HOME--IS TOO FEEBLE TO STIR OUT! THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



In *THE CRIMESMITH'S* Quiet haven ..

OLD--WEAK... I'VE CHANGED IN THE YEARS SINCE THEY PUT ME AWAY! BUT SCIENCE HAS CHANGED, TOO!



THE ADVANCES IN MECHANICS--RADIO-- I'VE KEPT PACE WITH THEM ALL IN MY READING! AND NOW---



I'M COMBINING THEM ALL IN MY MASTERPIECE--THE TRIUMPH THAT WILL AVENGE ME!



Back at the Roberts home...

JUDGE WIGHT!
IT'S NICE TO SEE
AN OLD FRIEND LIKE
THIS! MEET MY YOUNG
COLLEAGUE, DARREL
DANE!

AND LET ME INTRODUCE
MR. DANE TO ANOTHER
OLD FRIEND OF DR.
ROBERTS -- POLICE
INSPECTOR HARNEY!
HE JUST RETIRED TODAY!



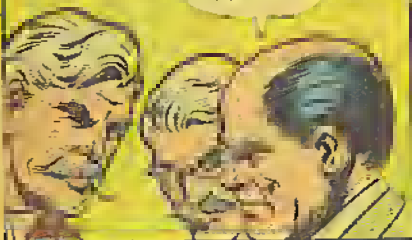
REMEMBER
WHEN I WAS A
ROOKIE DETECTIVE,
DR. ROBERTS?
YOU AND I BOTH
TESTIFIED
AGAINST THE
CRIMESMITH!

I WAS JUST TELLING
DARREL ABOUT IT! YOU
DID A GREAT JOB OF
TRACKING HIM DOWN
AND ARRESTING HIM!
AND JUDGE WIGHT
WAS PROSECUTING
ATTORNEY ON
THAT CASE!



YES, AND I REMEMBER THAT HE
SWORE TO GET EVEN WITH THE
THREE OF US!
I WONDER ...

HE'S PAST THE
AGE OF VIOLENCE!
BUT, JUST TO MAKE
SURE, THE DEPARTMENT'S
CHECKING! HE'S NOT
CONTACTED ANY OF HIS
OLD PALS -- A SHADOW
IS WATCHING HIS
PLACE!



Outside of the
Crimesmith's
home...

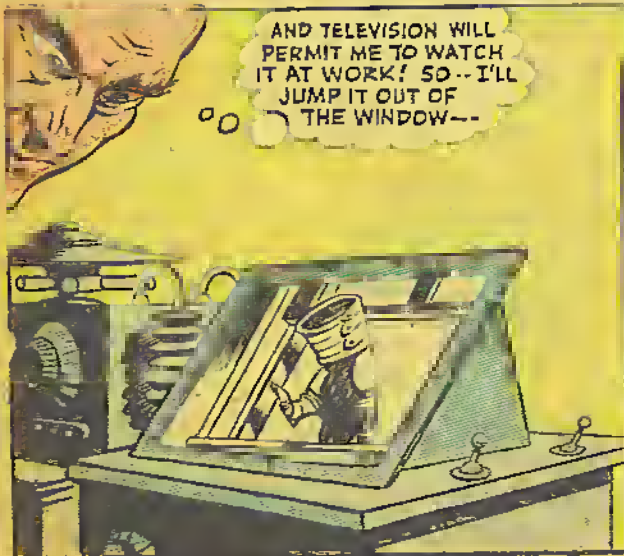


THIS IS
A SOFT JOB,
BUT A BORE! I
WISH THAT OLD
COOT WOULD
TRY TO COME
OUT AND
START
SOMETHING.

MY MASTERPIECE -- YES!
IT WORKS BY REMOTE RADIO
CONTROL -- AN IMPROVEMENT
ON THE AVIATION EQUIPMENT!
I'LL LET IT STROLL
AWAY!



AND TELEVISION WILL
PERMIT ME TO WATCH
IT AT WORK! SO -- I'LL
JUMP IT OUT OF
THE WINDOW --



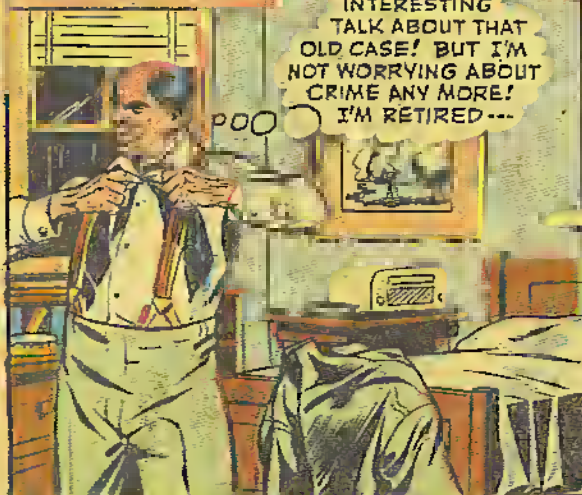
NOT A SOUND --
EXCEPT THE NOISE
OF SMALL FEET
SOMEWHERE --
A STRAY CAT,
NO DOUBT!



Later -- as ex-police inspector Harney returns home....

INTERESTING
TALK ABOUT THAT
OLD CASE! BUT I'M
NOT WORRYING ABOUT
CRIME ANY MORE!
I'M RETIRED...

POO



THAT'S ALL AT
AN END FOR ME...

HEY!



LET GO OF MY
THROAT...
AGGH!



Next day, the ghastly evidence is discovered!

I CALLED YOU TWO HERE
BECAUSE WE WERE THE LAST
MEN TO SEE HARNEY ALIVE!

HOW DID
IT HAPPEN,
JUDGE?



NOBODY KNOWS! HE WAS
ALONE HERE AND NO ONE WAS
SEEN TO ENTER OR LEAVE...
BUT **LOOK!**

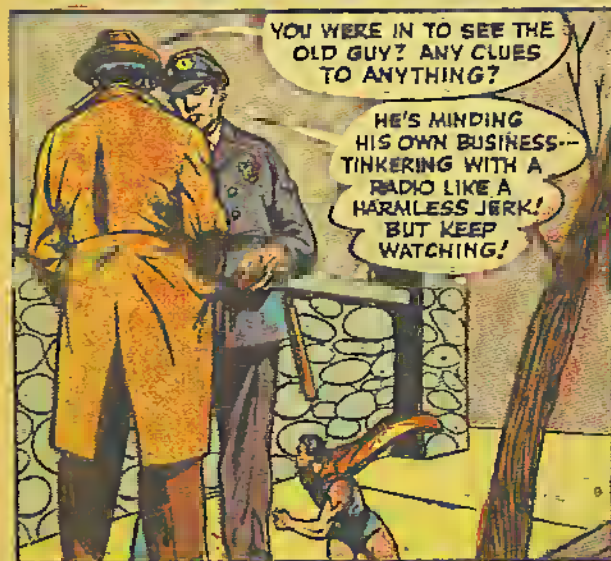
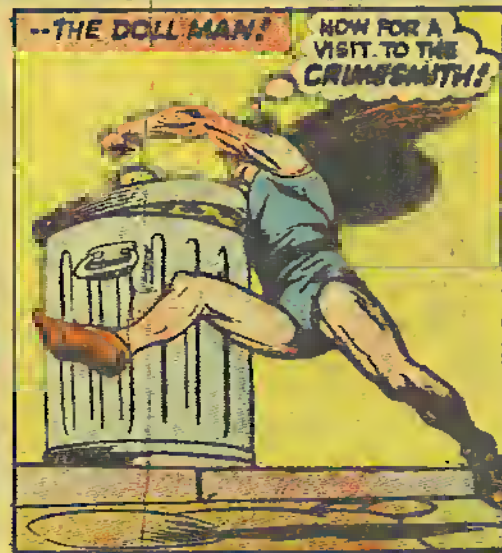
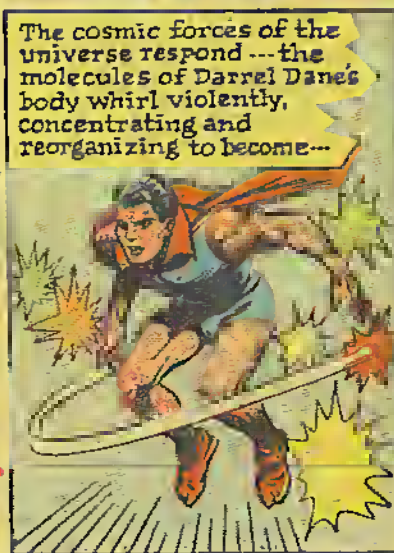
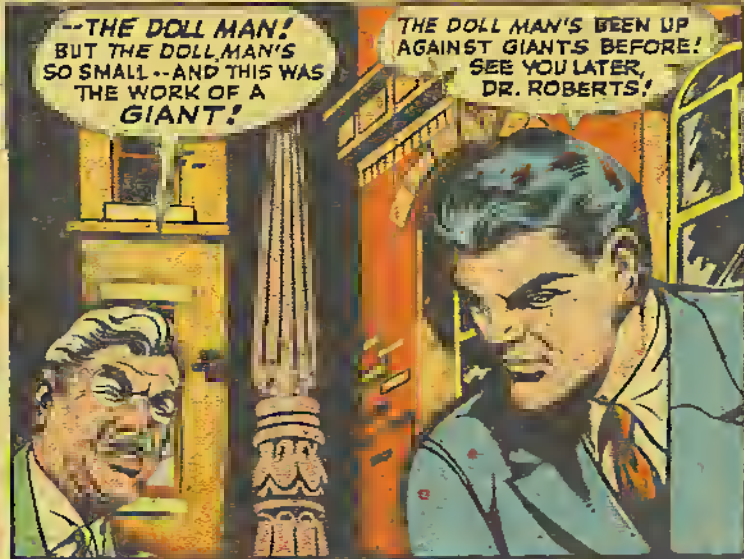
GIANT FINGERS
SQUEEZED HIS THROAT...
CLAWS TORE HIS
JUGULAR VEIN -- THE
WORK OF A GIANT...
A **DEVIL!**

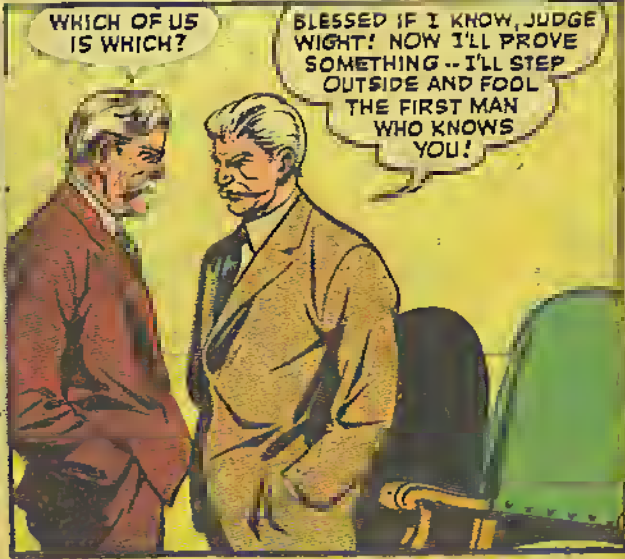
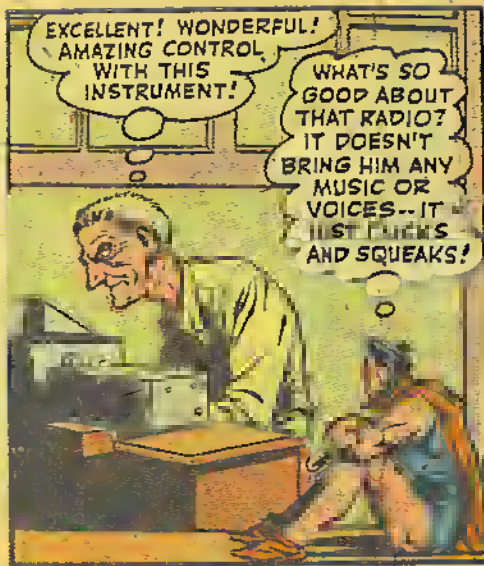


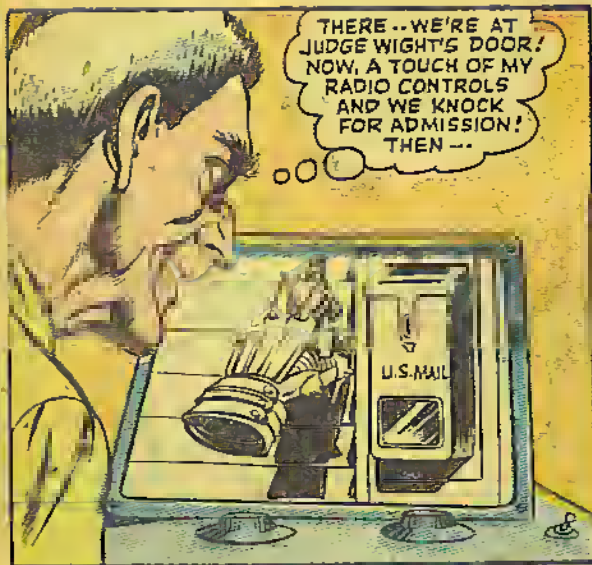
WE KNOW OF ONE
ENEMY, JUDGE WIGHT--
THE **CRIMESMITH!**

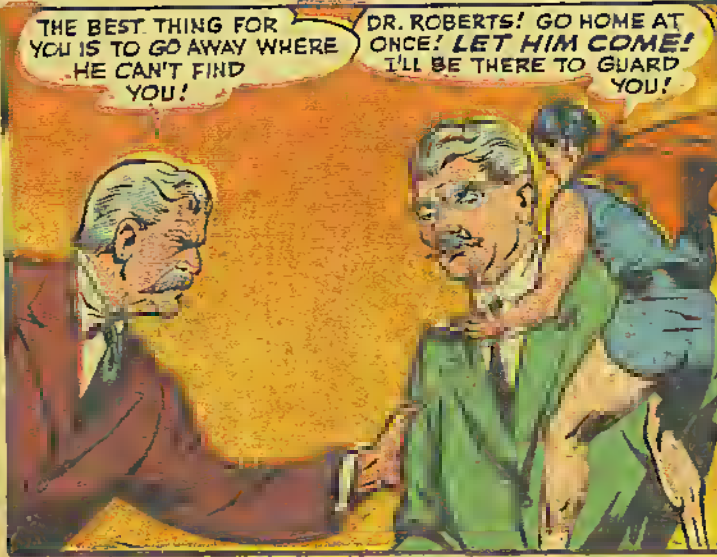
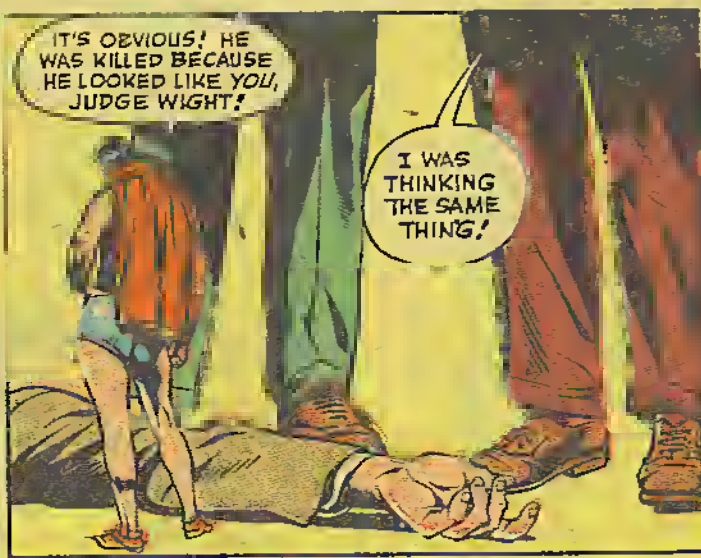
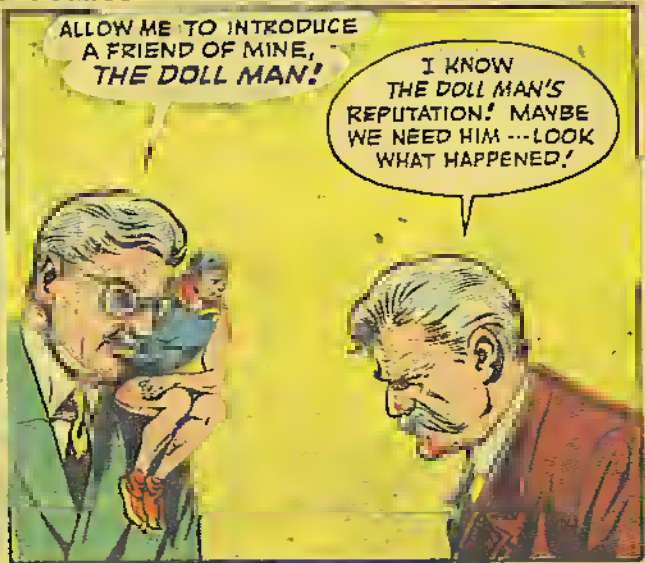
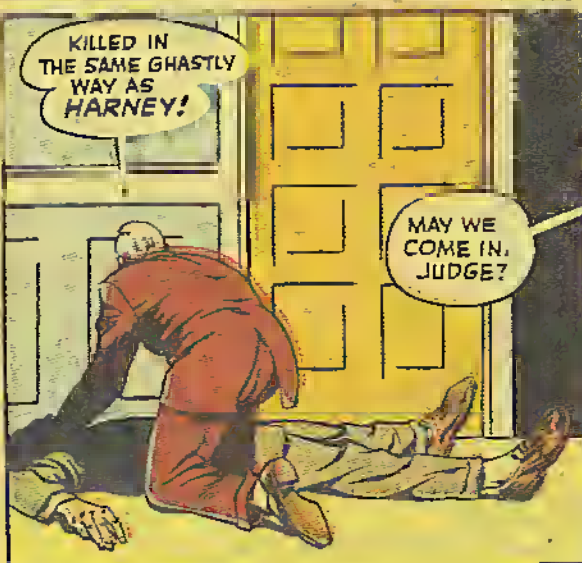
BUT HE'S BEEN
WATCHED! HE DIDN'T
COME OUT OR
COMMUNICATE WITH
ANYONE! HE'S A WEAK
OLD MAN, ANYWAY!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
THAT HE KILLED
HARNEY!







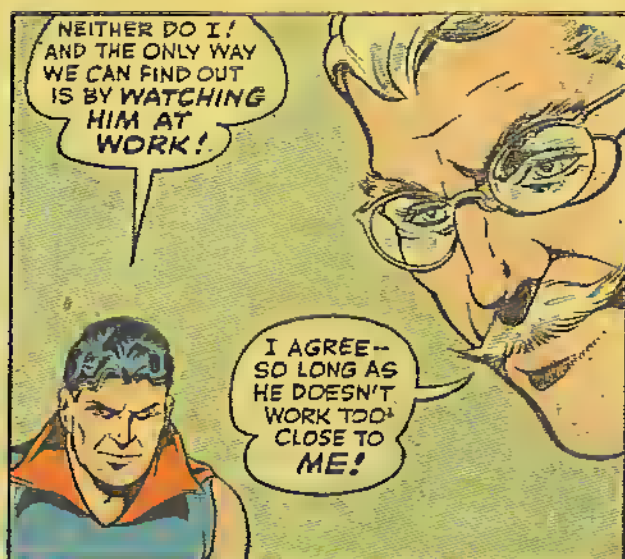






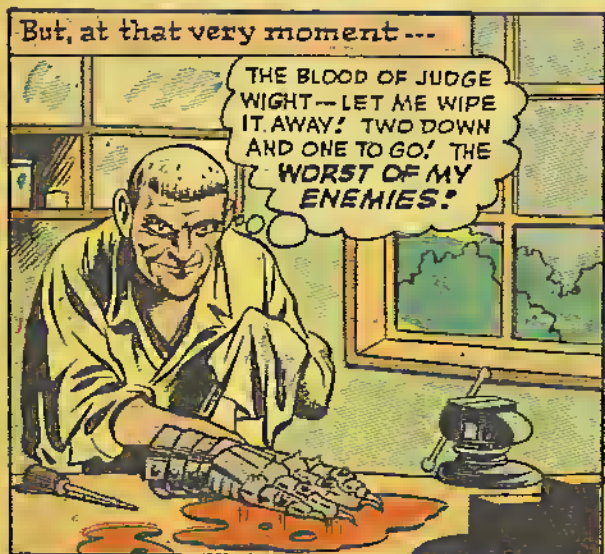
YOU MEAN TO RISK THAT FATE, DOCTOR?

MY TRUST'S IN THE DOLL MAN! BUT I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THE CRIMESMITH CAN KILL SO HORRIBLY WITHOUT STIRRING FROM HIS HOUSE!



NEITHER DO I! AND THE ONLY WAY WE CAN FIND OUT IS BY WATCHING HIM AT WORK!

I AGREE--SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T WORK TOO CLOSE TO ME!



But, at that very moment ---

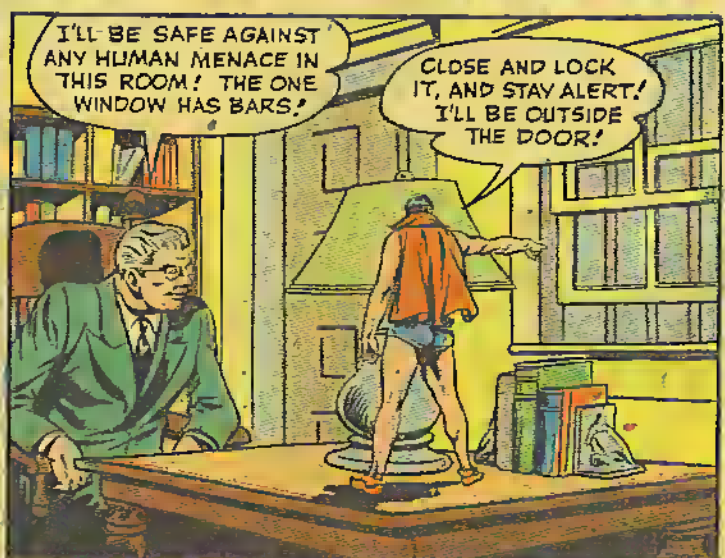
THE BLOOD OF JUDGE WIGHT--LET ME WIPE IT AWAY! TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO! THE WORST OF MY ENEMIES!



HARNEY ARRESTED ME, WIGHT PROSECUTED ME... BUT ONLY THE SCIENCE OF DR. ROBERTS CONVICTED ME! NOW HE WILL PAY AS THE OTHERS PAID!

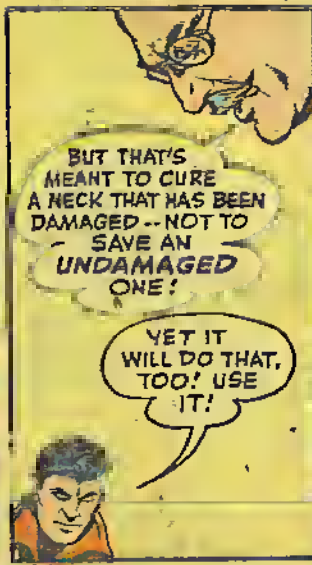


AWAY YOU GO, MY FRIEND! FIND DR. ROBERTS IN HIS HOME --- STRIKE HIM, DESTROY HIM! THEN MY SCORE IS SETTLED!

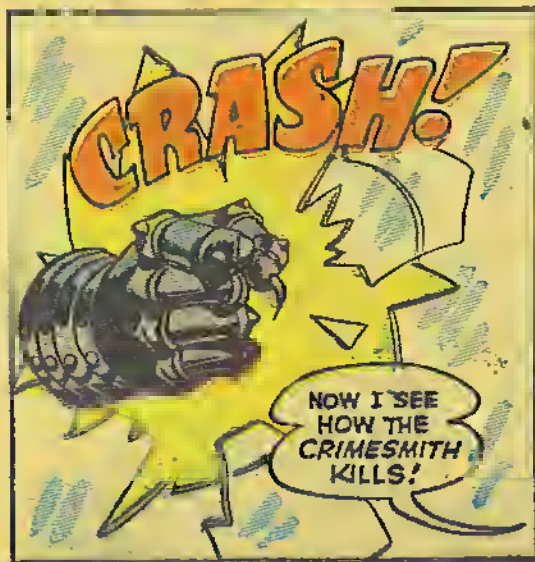
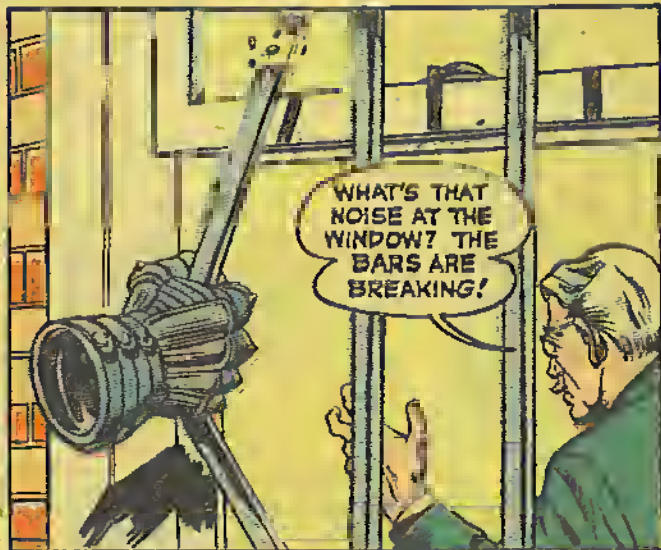


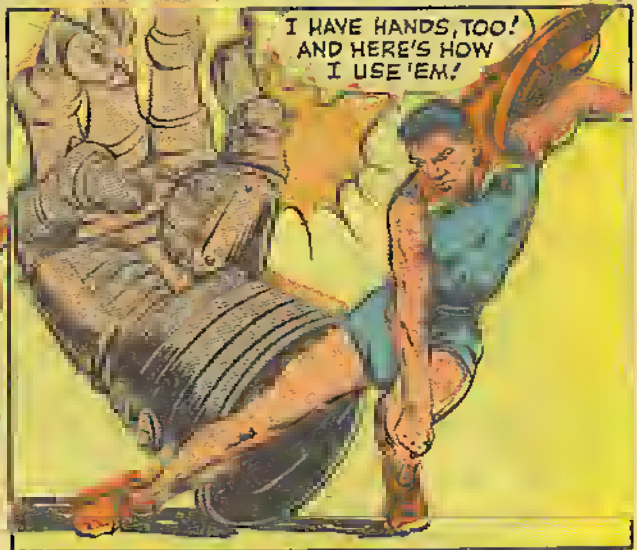
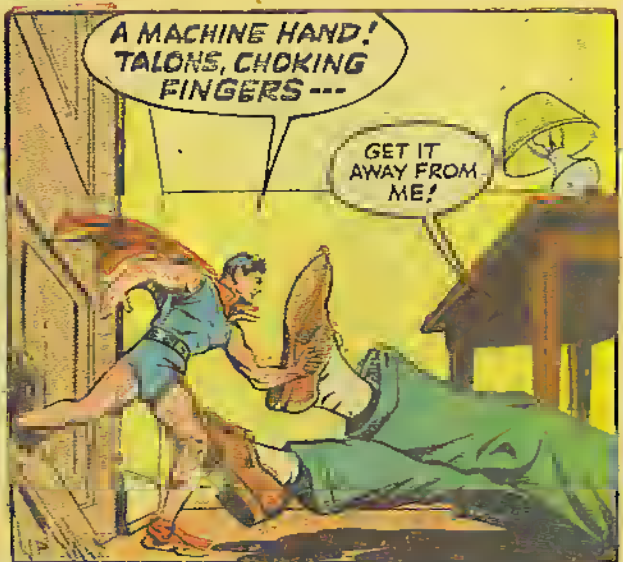
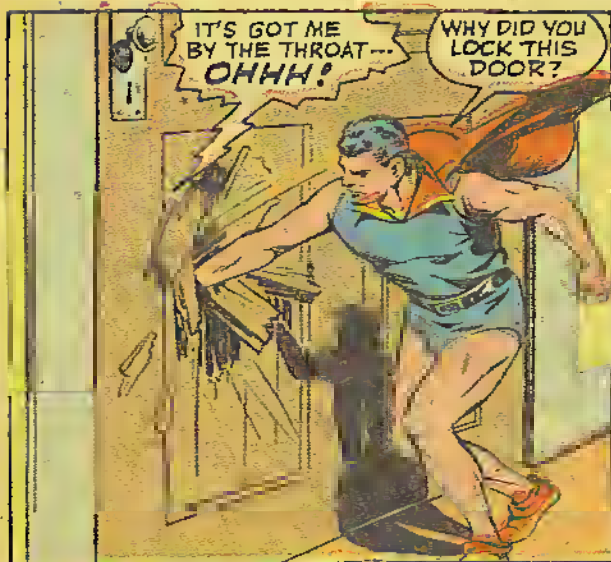
I'LL BE SAFE AGAINST ANY HUMAN MENACE IN THIS ROOM! THE ONE WINDOW HAS BARS!

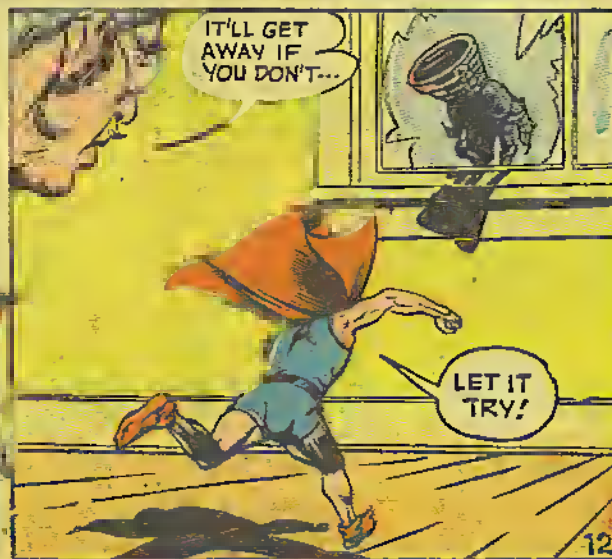
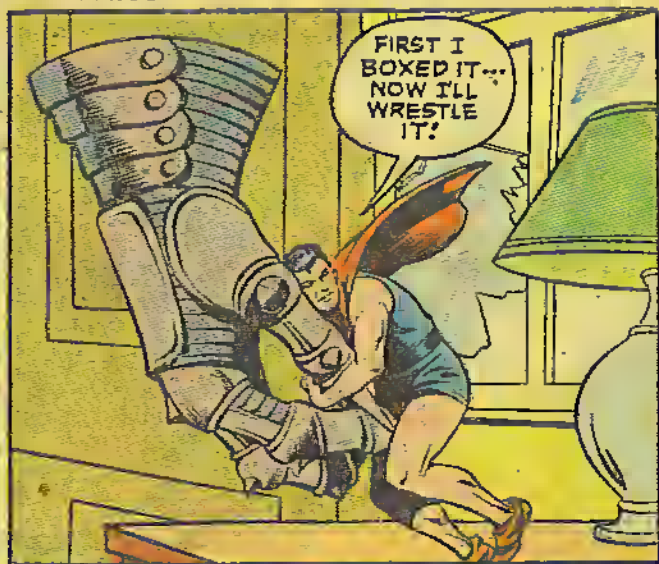
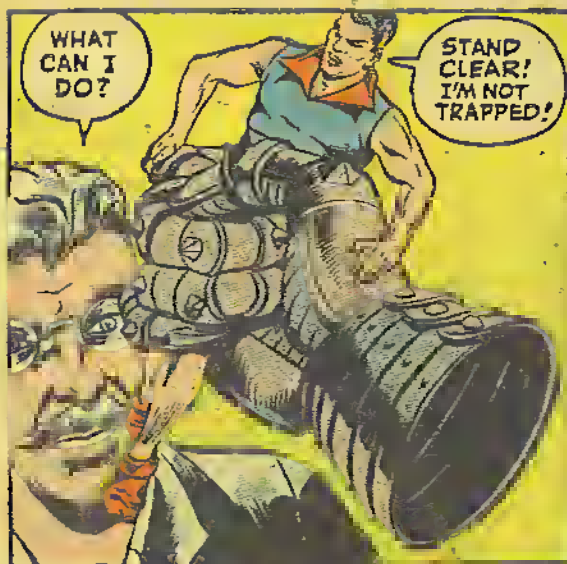
CLOSE AND LOCK IT, AND STAY ALERT! I'LL BE OUTSIDE THE DOOR!



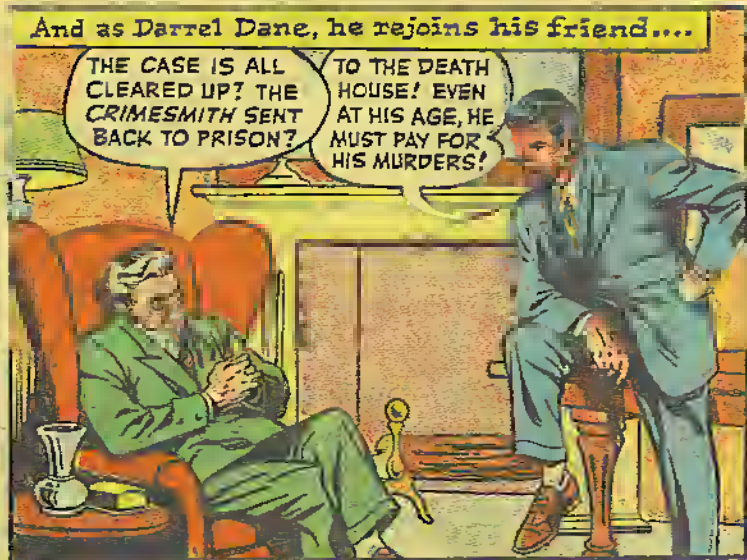
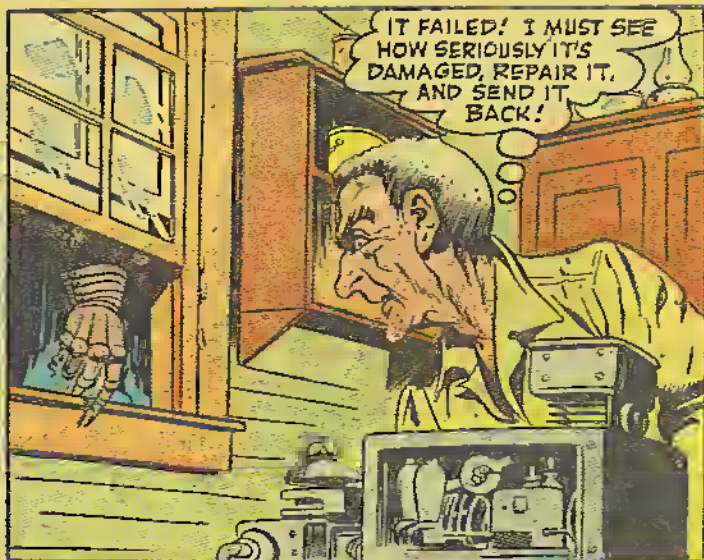
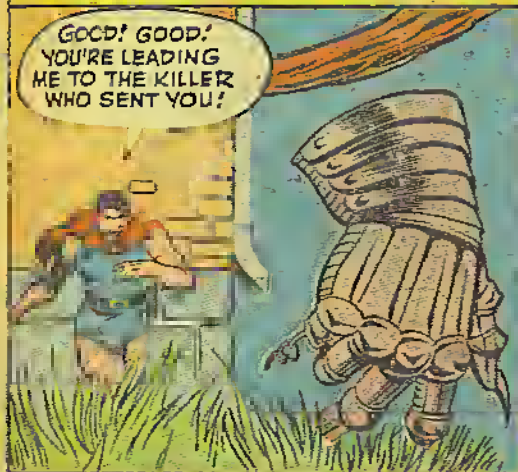
Silence within the home of Dr. Roberts, and silence without...until a stealthy scraping announces the coming of doom!







Then follows a strange chase as the wounded machine of evil heads for the CRIMESMITH'S home....

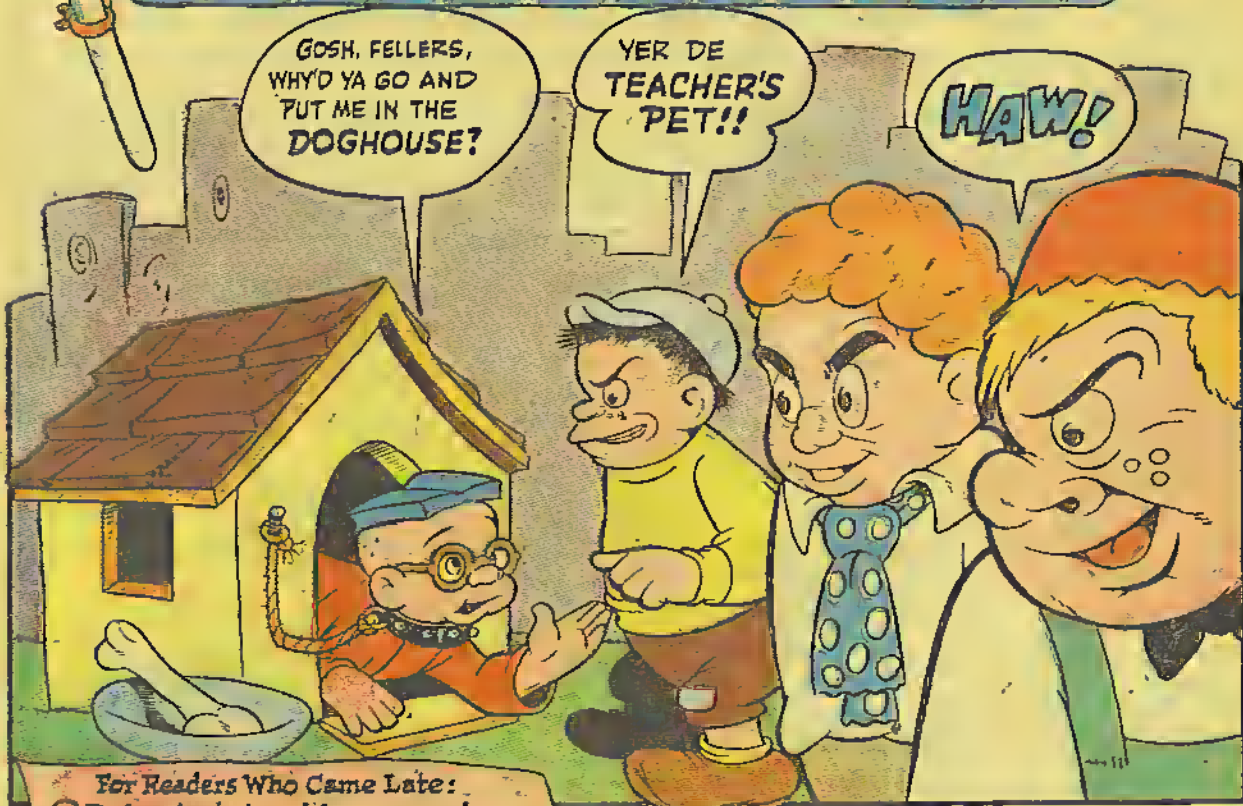


PERKY

GOSH, FELLERS,
WHY'D YA GO AND
PUT ME IN THE
DOGHOUSE?

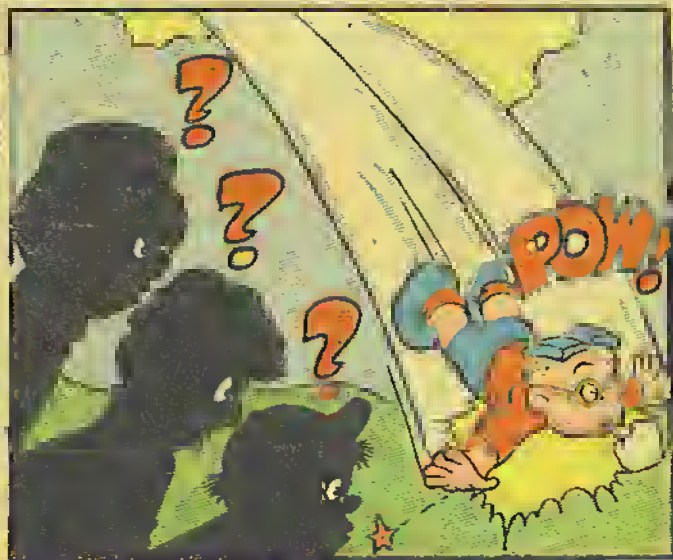
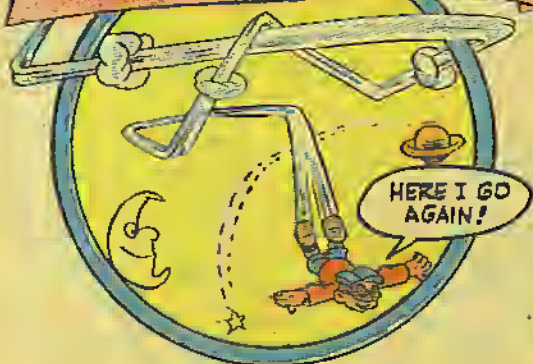
YER DE
TEACHER'S
PET!!

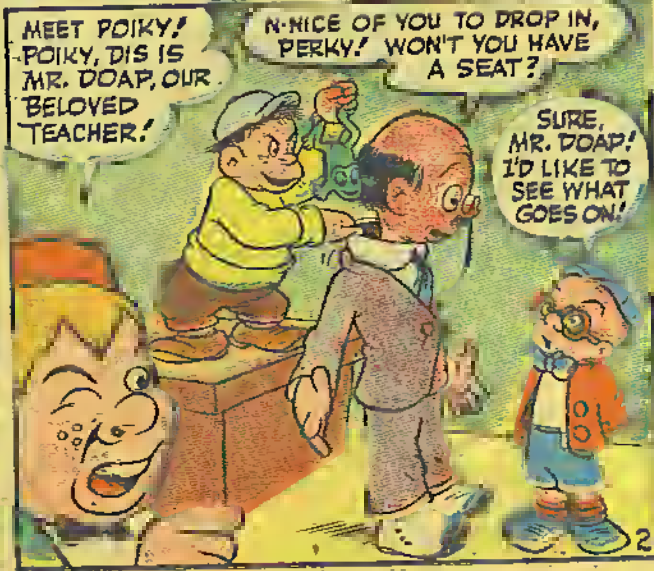
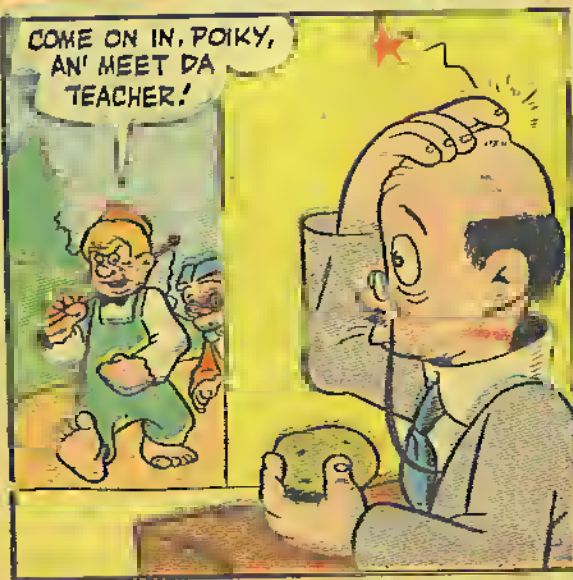
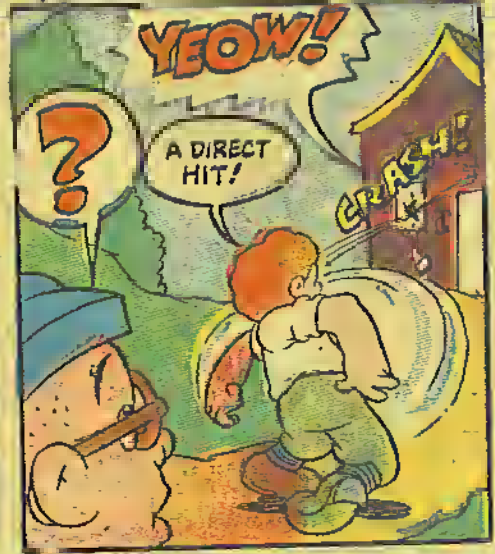
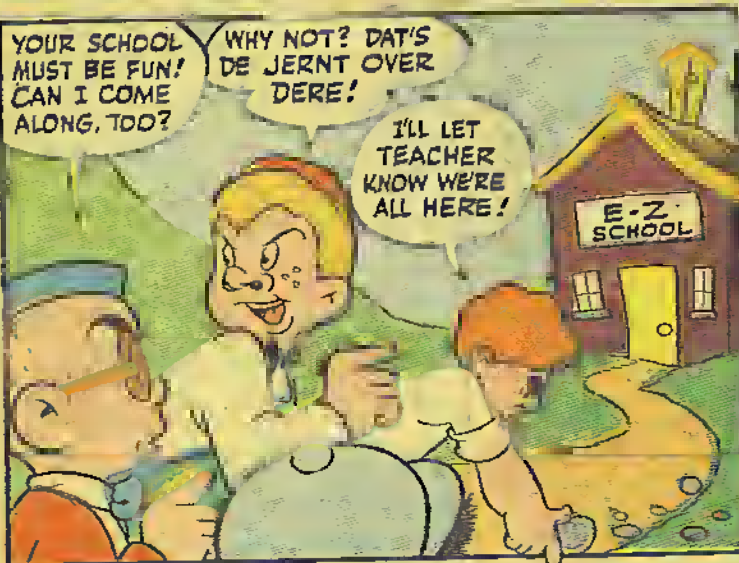
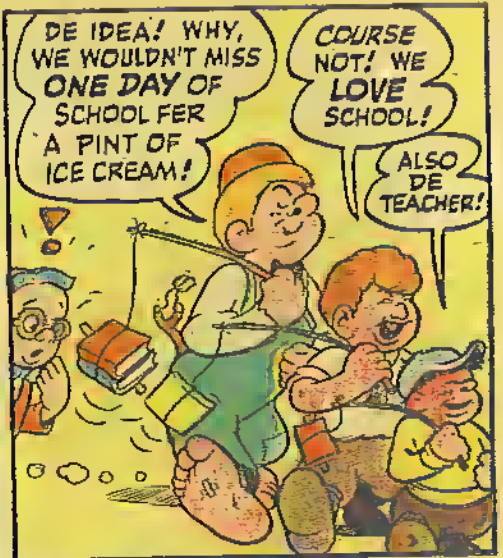
HAW!

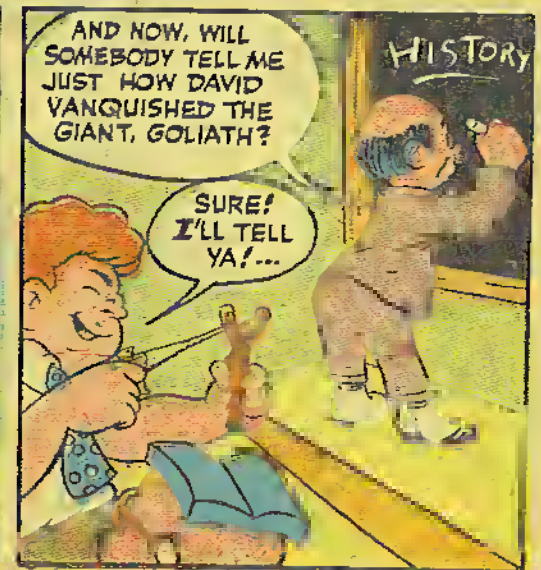
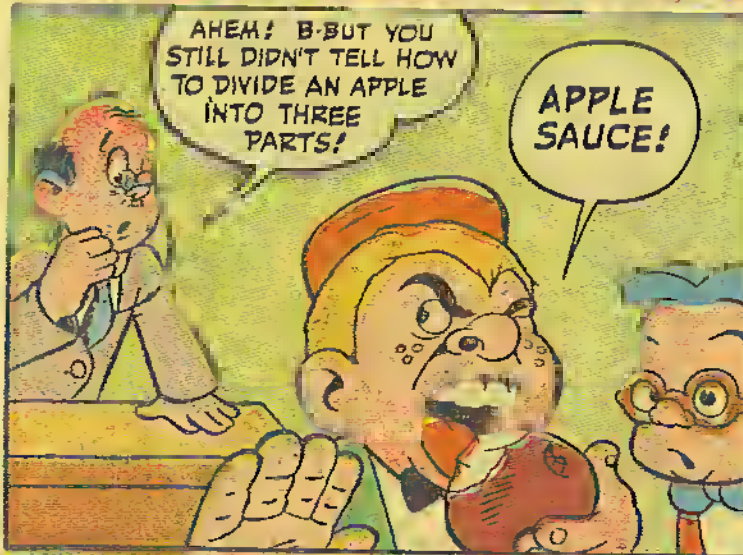
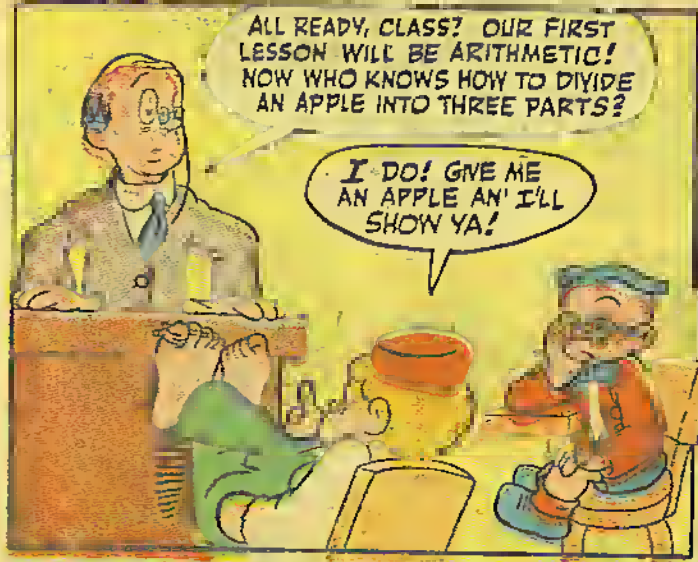


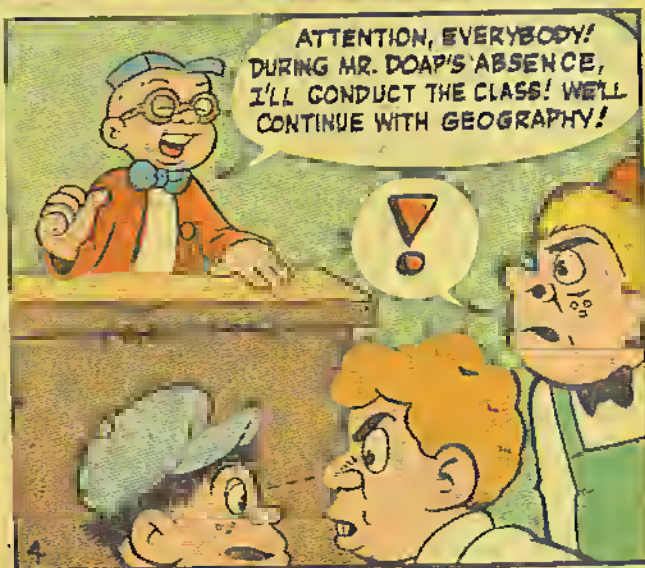
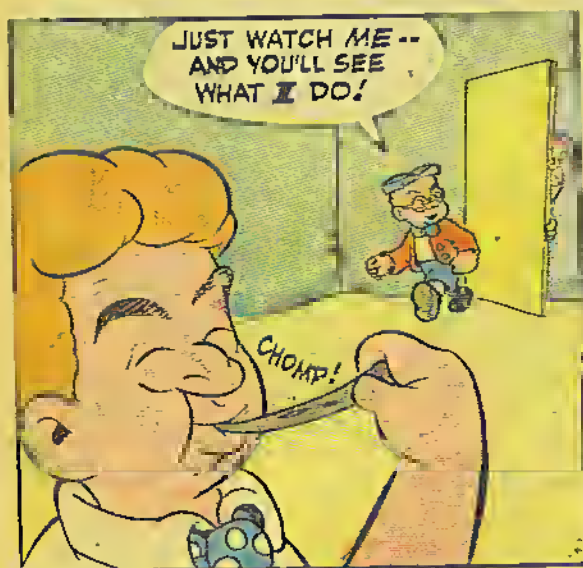
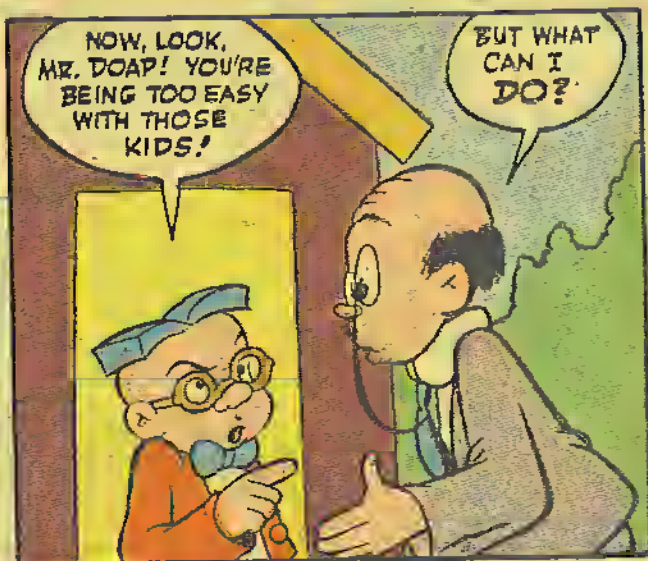
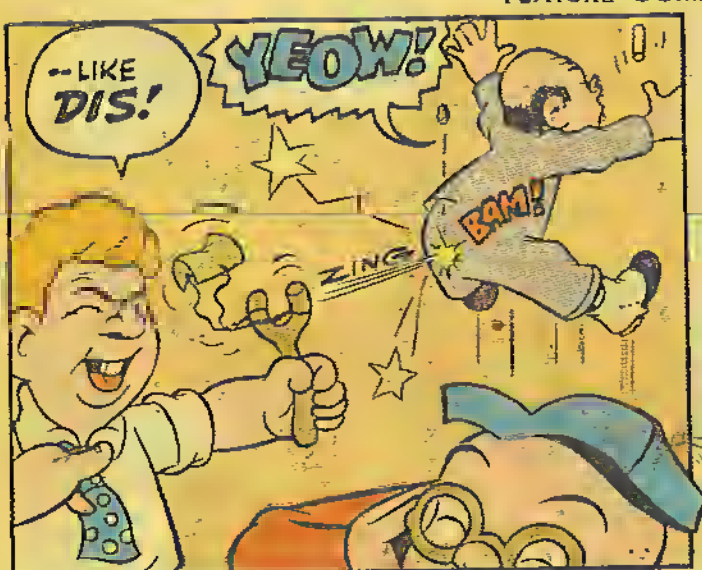
For Readers Who Came Late:

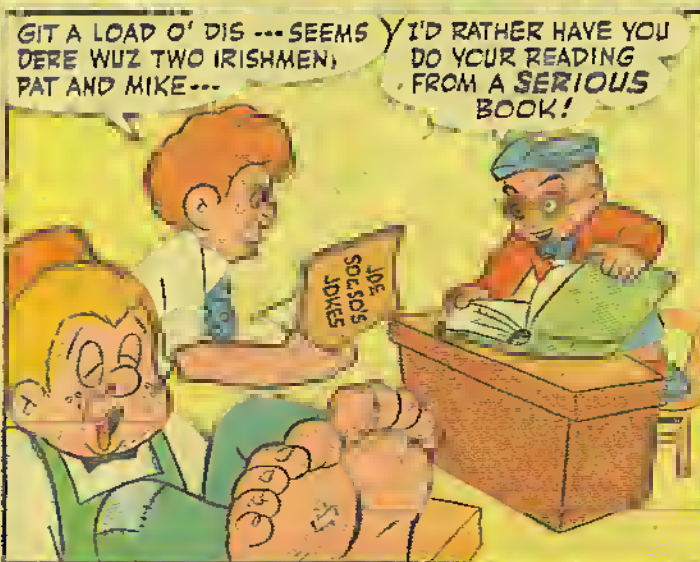
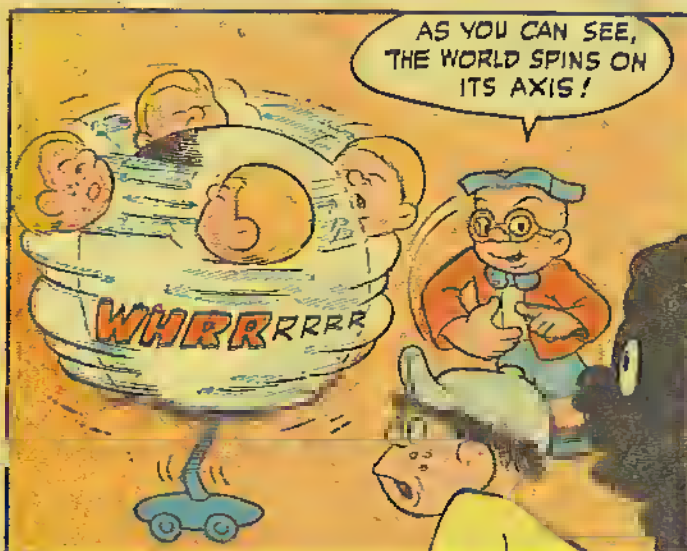
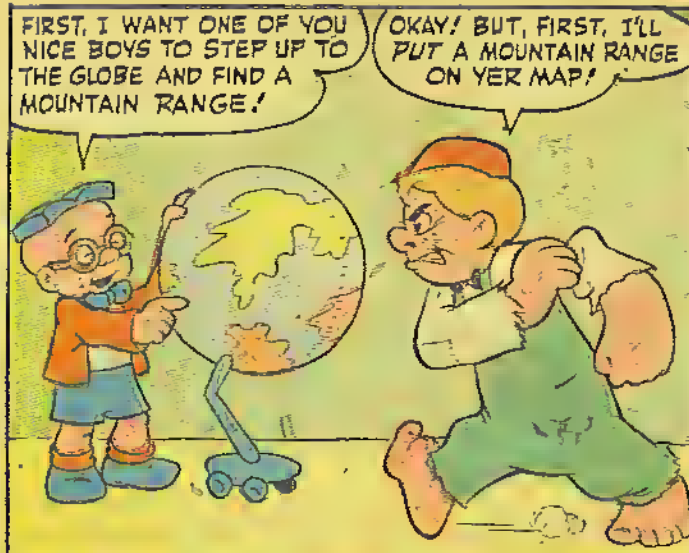
- ① Perky started on his career when he stepped into an amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show...
- ② He vanished...
- ③ Ever since then, every time the magician pulls the lever on the box, Perky goes flying off to worlds beyond!

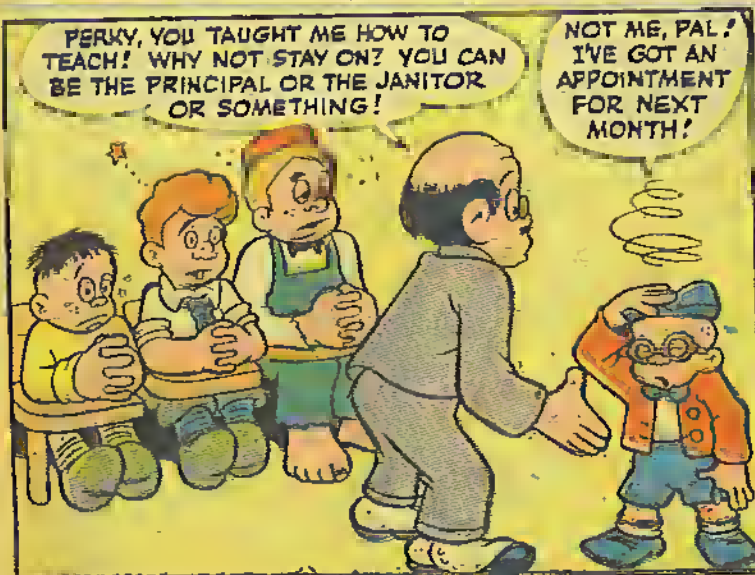
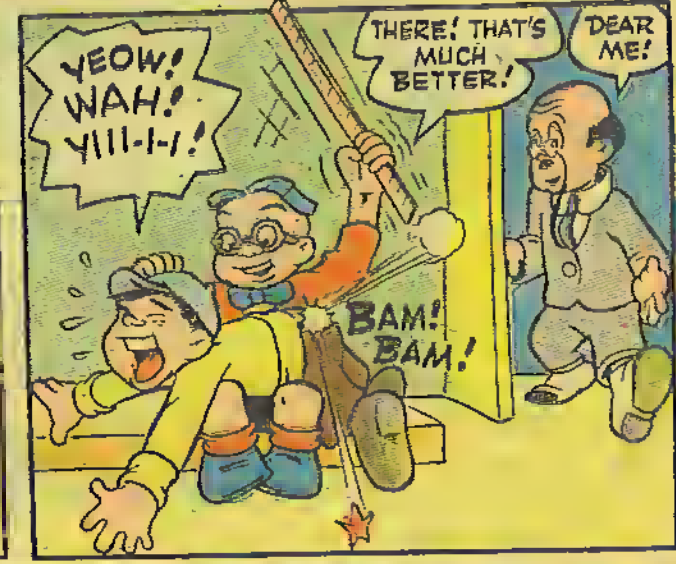
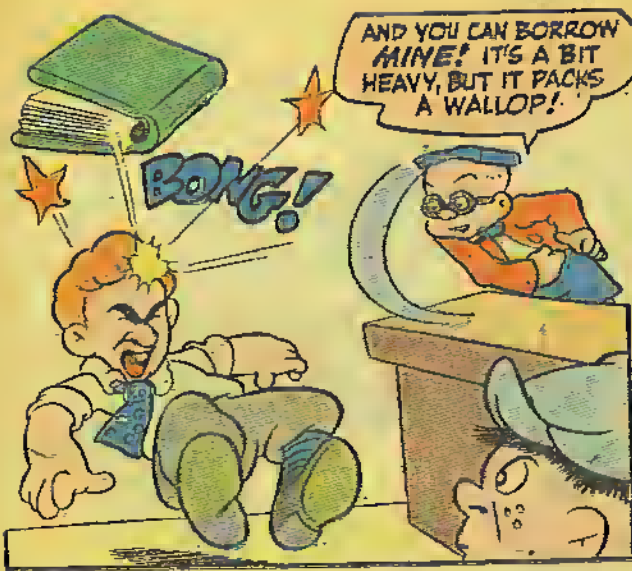


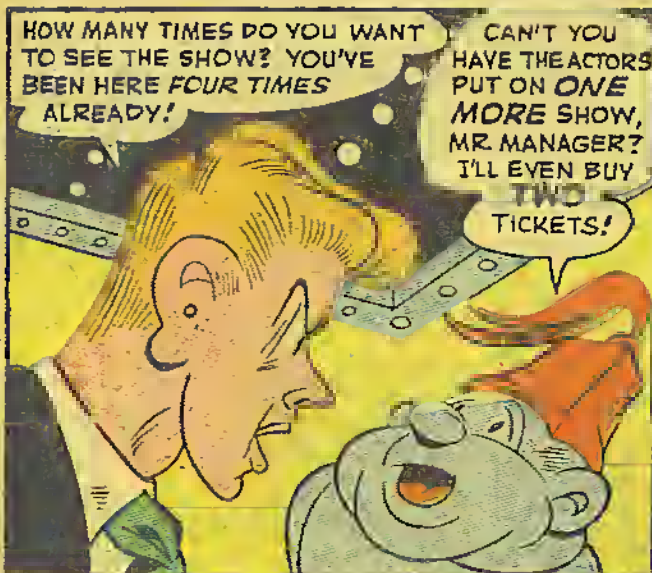
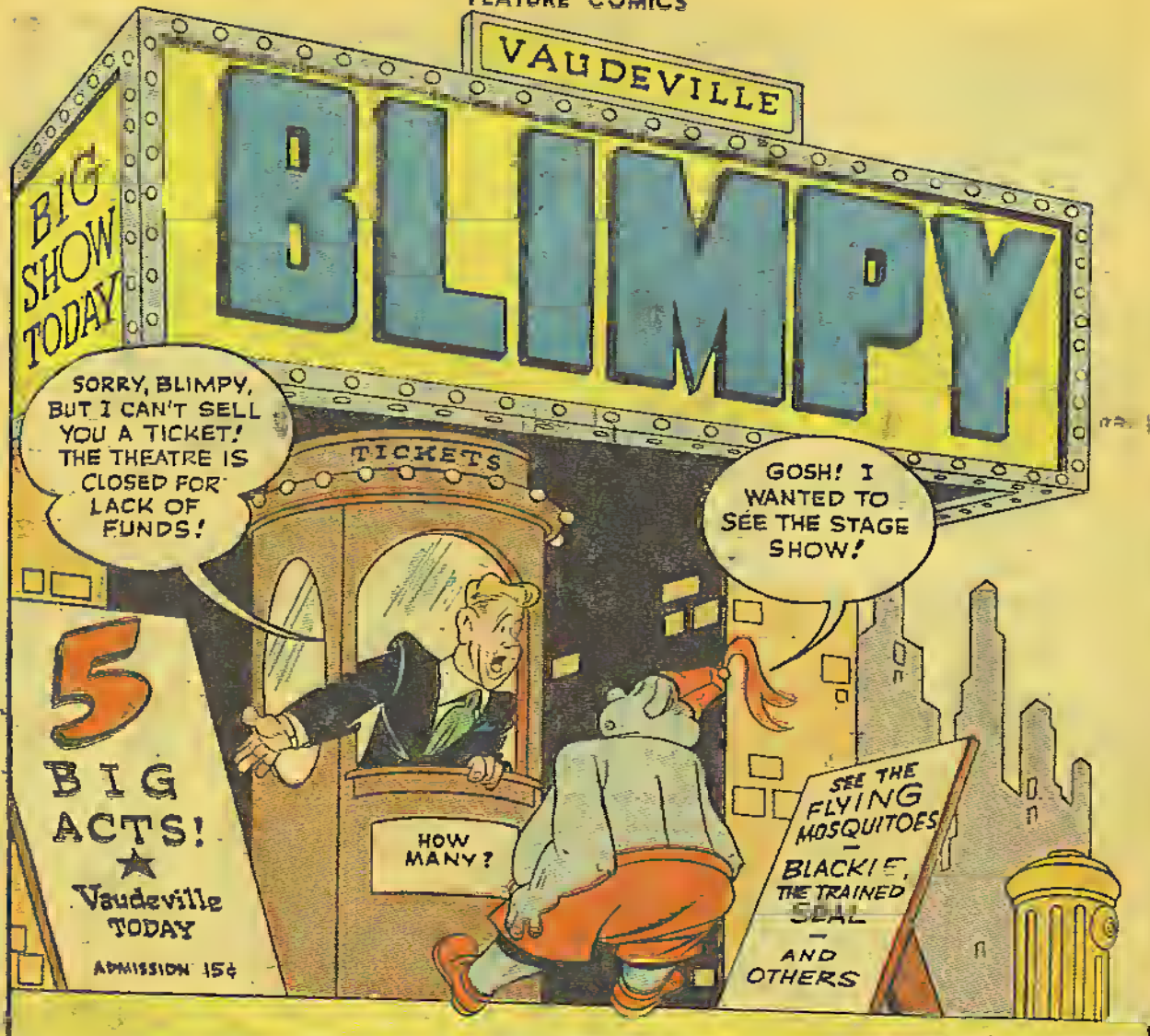


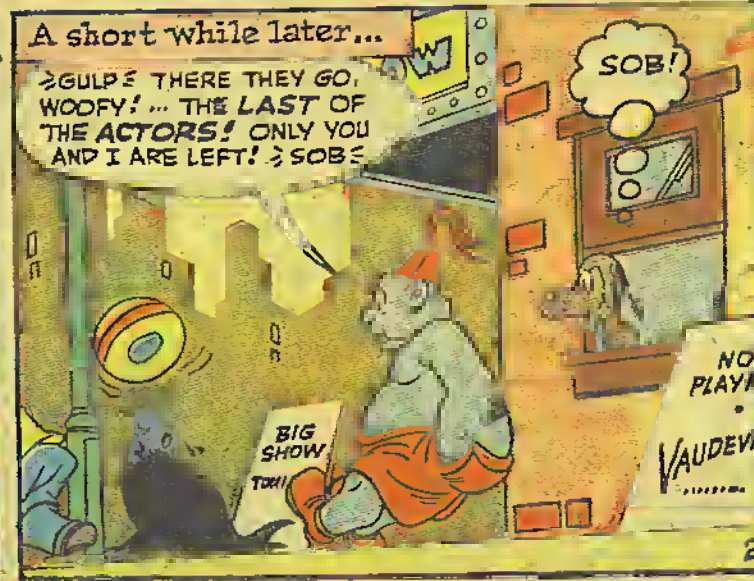
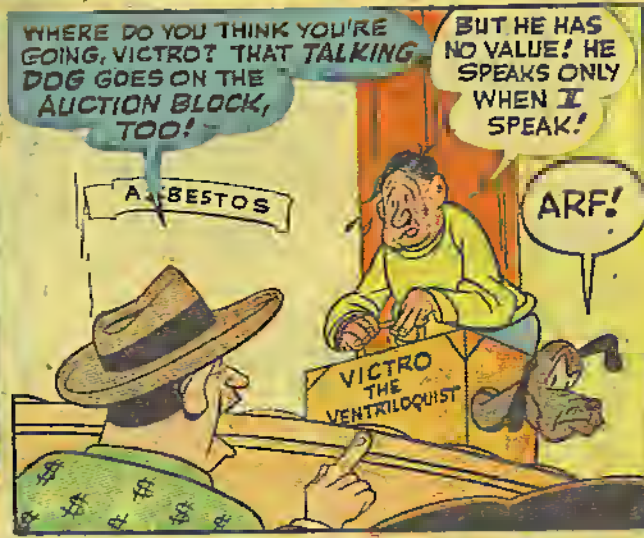
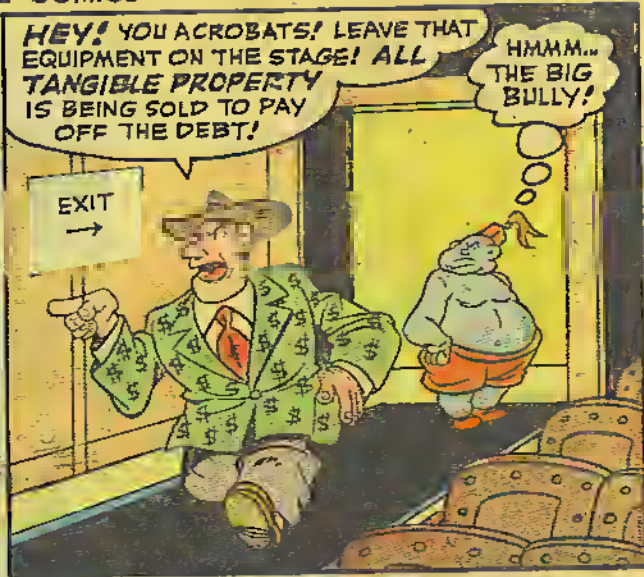
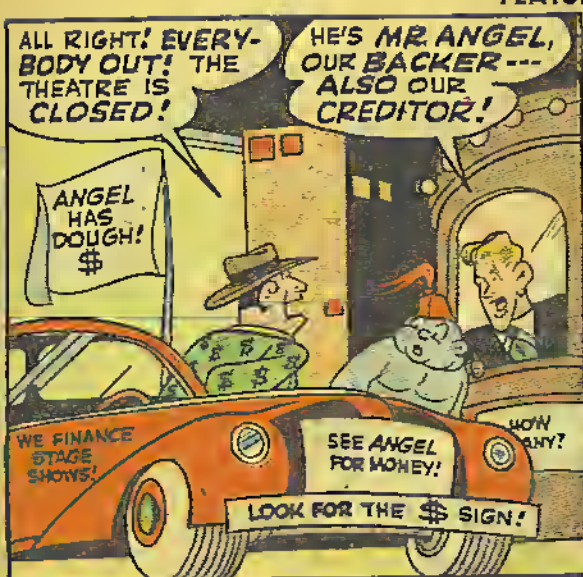












GOSH! IF YOU COULD REALLY TALK, THE PUBLICITY WOULD BE SO GREAT THAT THE THEATRE WOULD OPEN AGAIN ... AND ... OH, WELL, WHAT'S THE USE?



SO BE TO THINK THAT THESE PROPS WERE ONCE PART OF THE GREATEST VAUDEVILLE SHOW ON ELM STREET!



HMMM! THE FLYING MOSQUITOES--TWELVE GENERATIONS OF ACROBATS...BLACKIE, THE TRAINED SEAL, DESCENDANT OF THE FAMOUS FLAPPO SEAL FAMILY! AND EVEN THE TALKING DOG HAS ANCESTORS!....

GULP! WHAT'S THIS?

ARF!

VAUDEVILLE TODAY
THE FLYIN'
MOSQUITO
BLACKIE



A PUBLICITY ARTICLE OF 1864! IT SAYS THAT YOUR GRANDMA, THE FAMOUS TALKING DOG BETSY, UTTERED HER FIRST WORD WHEN SHE WAS HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A DOG BONE AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN MONTHS!

SCENE SIX



The dog doctor says that such an animal ability in an animal can only return every tenth generation!

THE TENTH GENERATION? 1-2-3-4-5-6... WHY, THAT'S WOOFY! IF I ONLY HAD A DOG BONE...



Meanwhile...

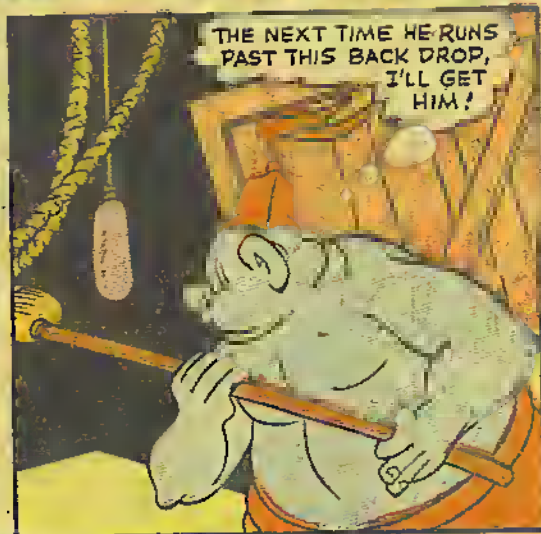
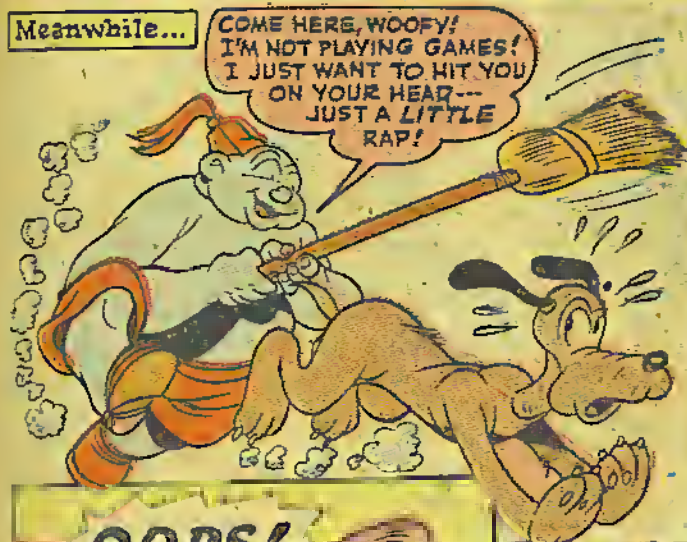
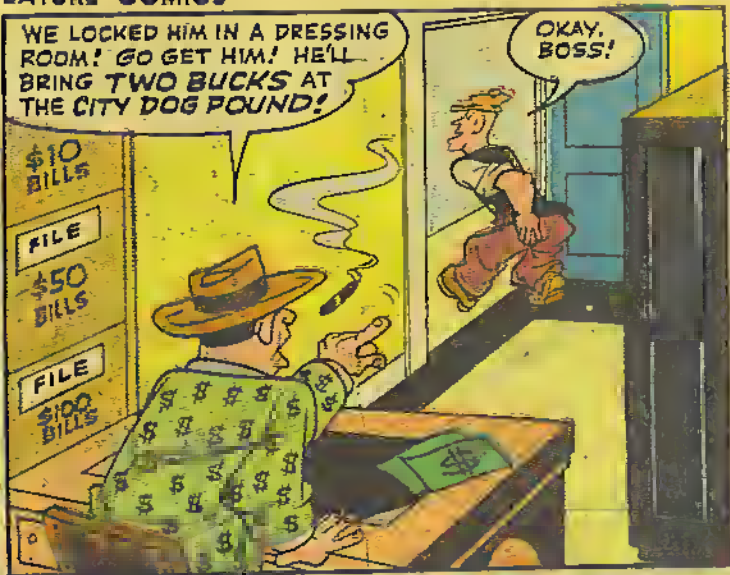
IS THAT ALL YOU CAN GET FOR THE THEATRE--ELEVEN HUNDRED BUCKS? THEY OWE THREE TIMES THAT MUCH!

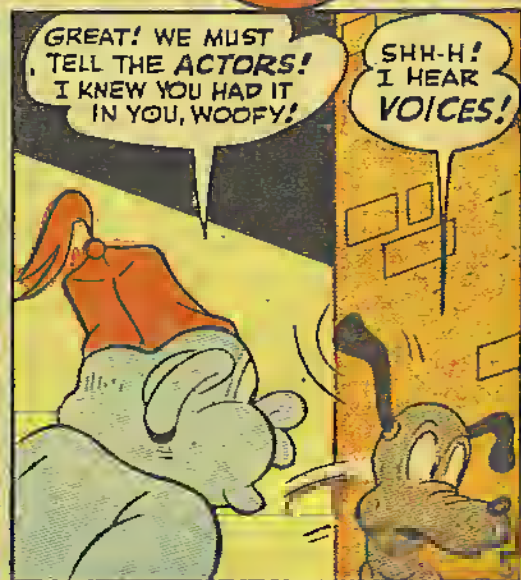
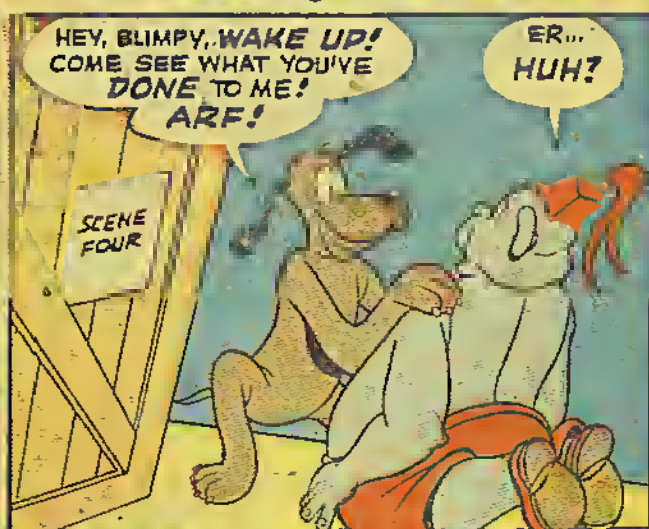
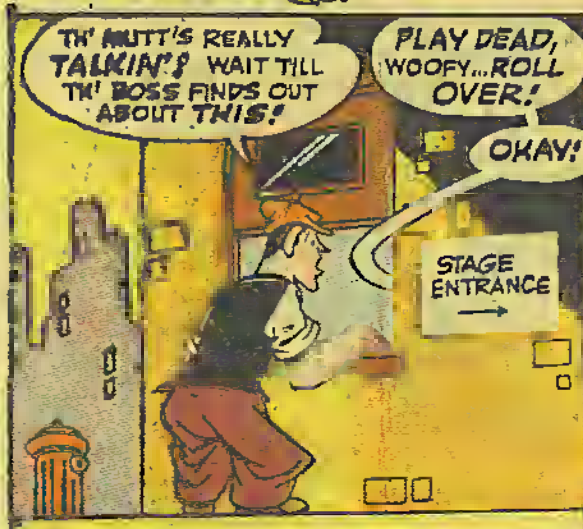
BUT, BOSS--

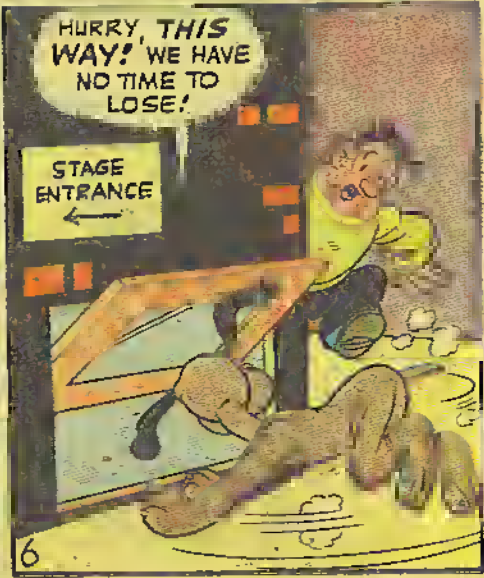
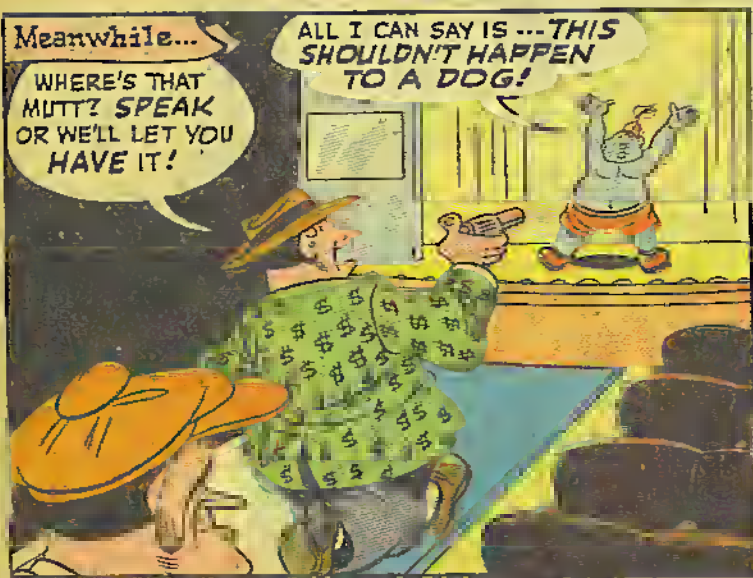
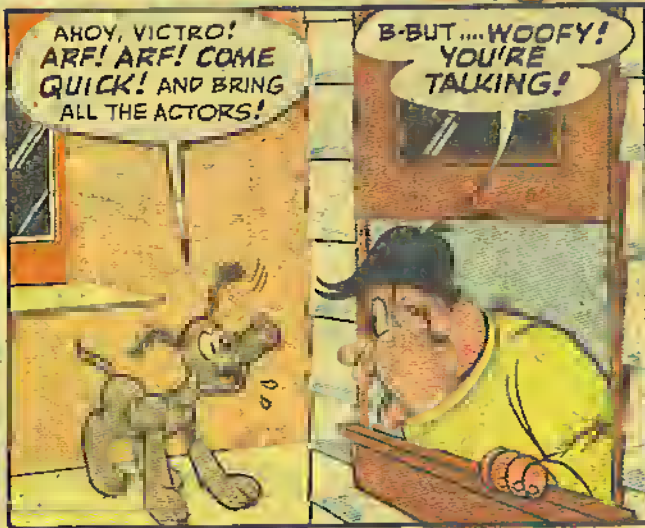
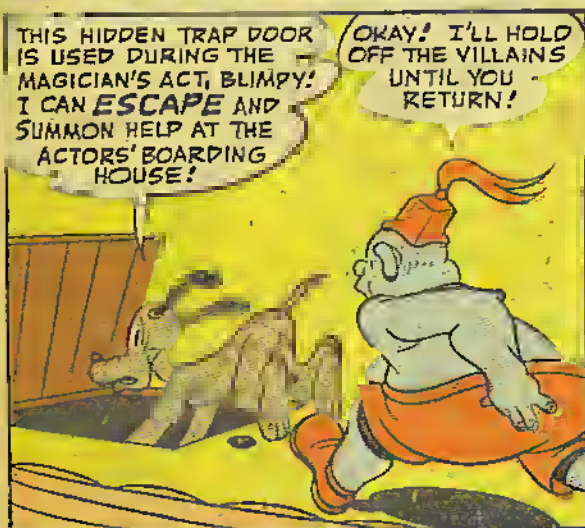
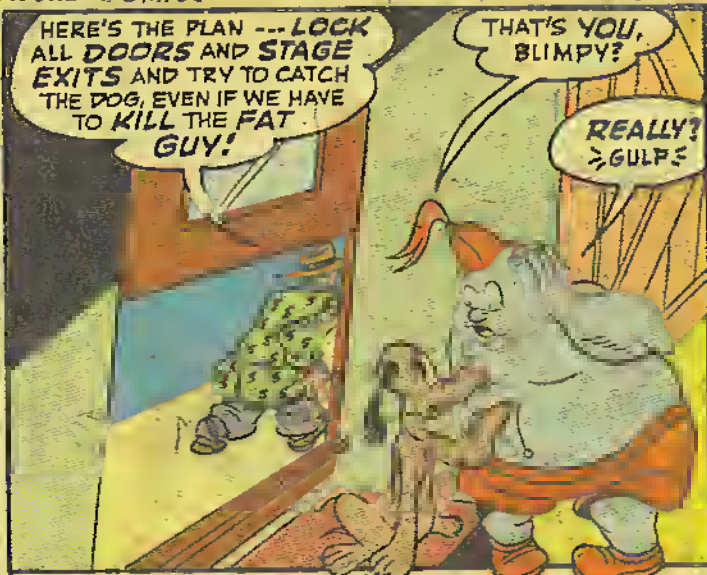
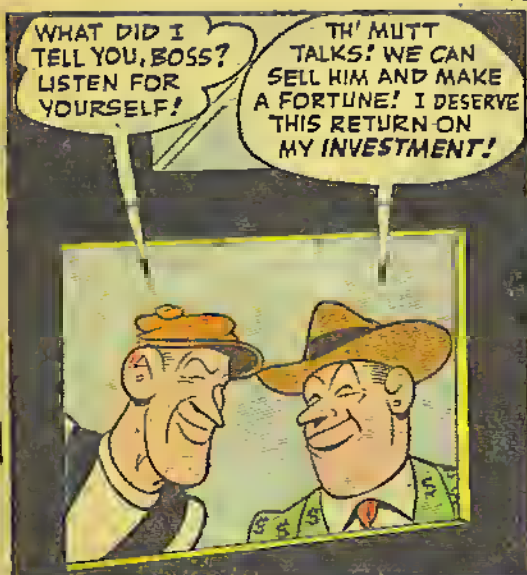
SEE AN
FOR ME
LOOK FOR THE

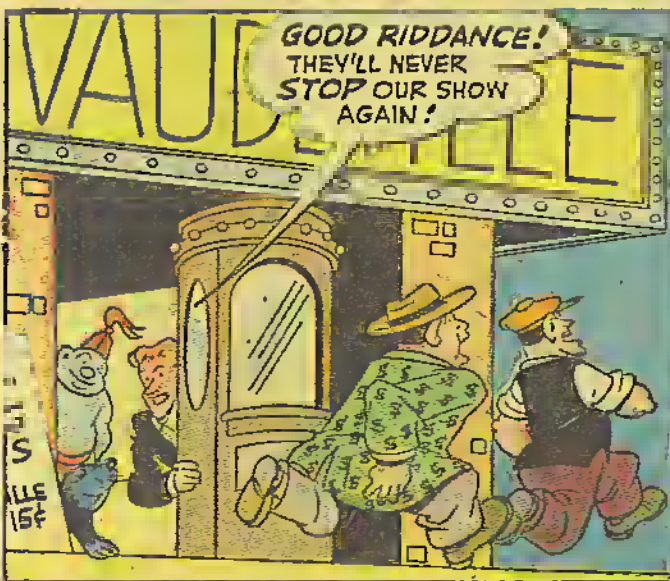
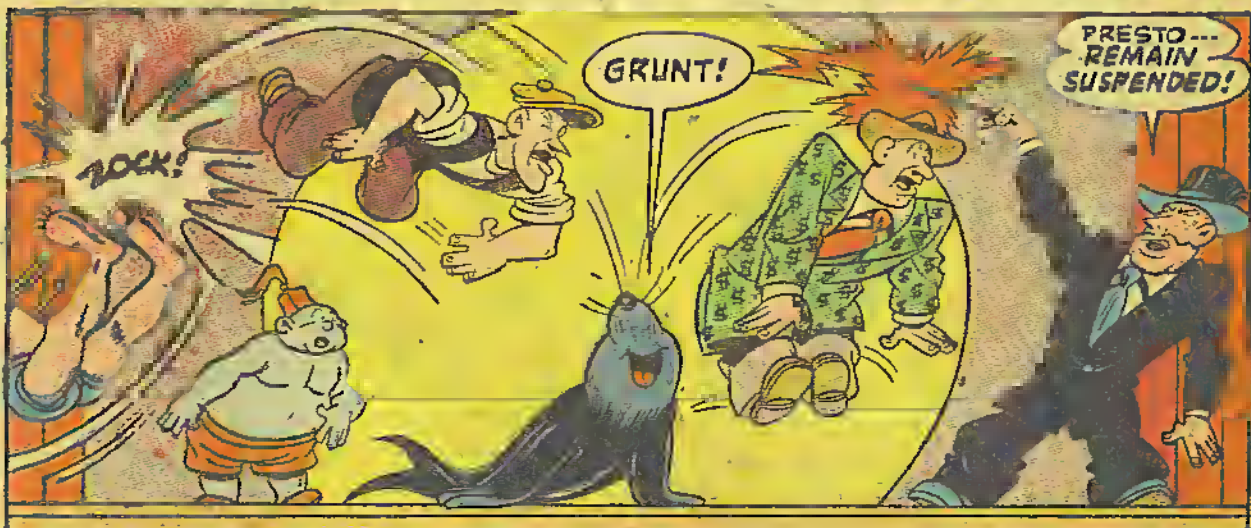
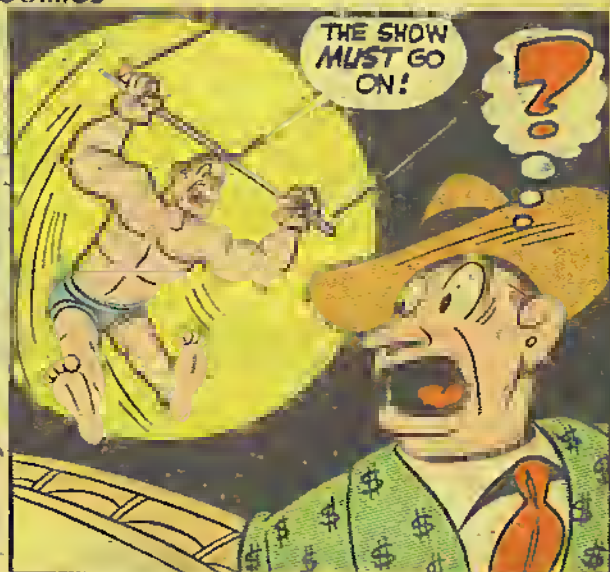
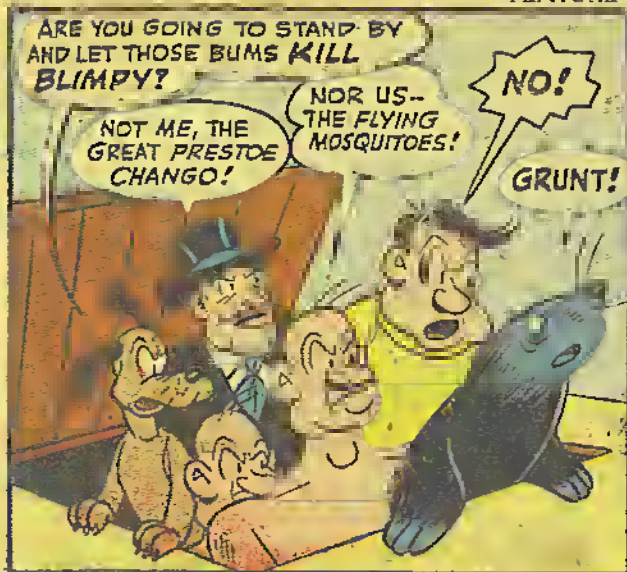
ANGEL'S FINANCE
...COMPANY...
\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
NEED WE SAY MORE?



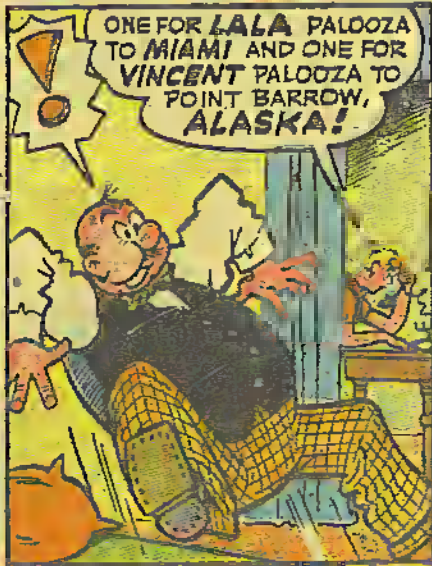
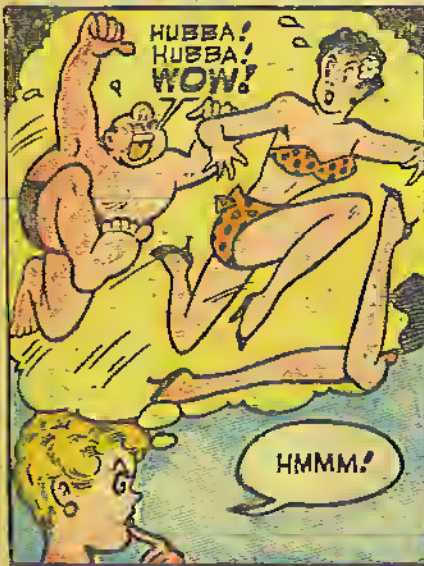
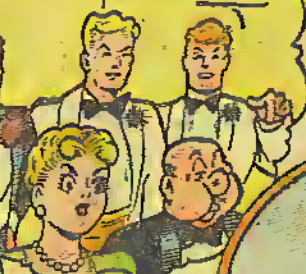
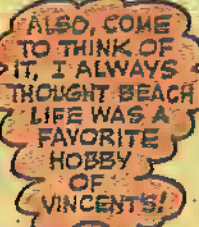
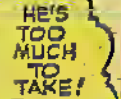
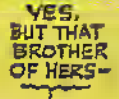
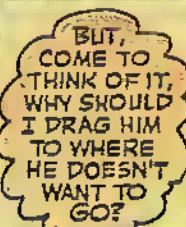
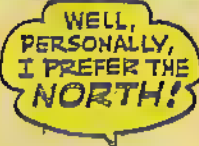
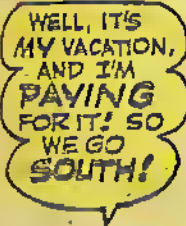
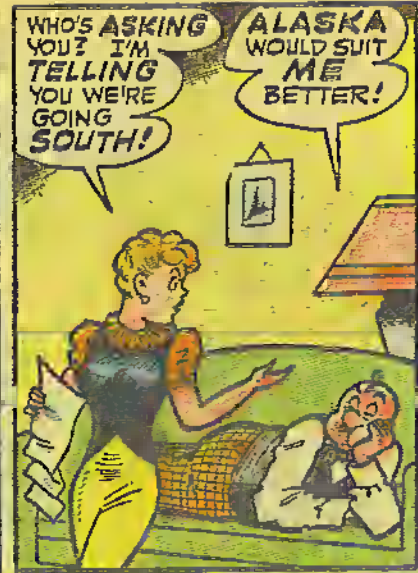
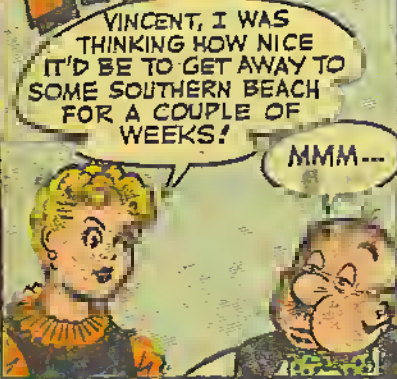




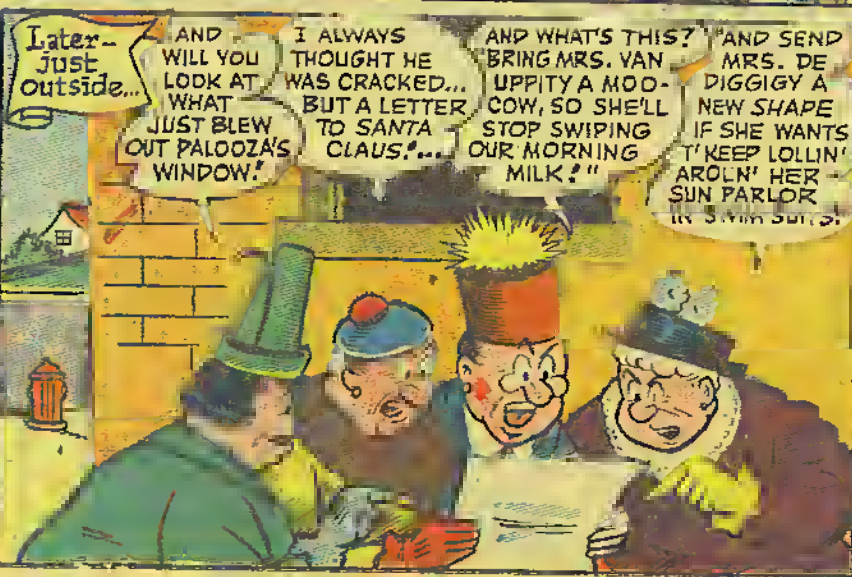
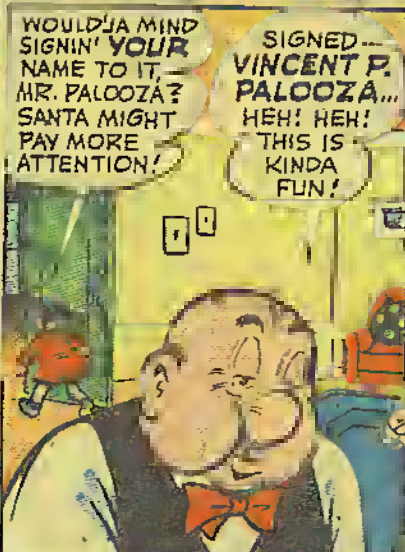




Lala Palooza



Lala PALOOZA



Lala PALOOZA

AT LAST I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I NEED... **EVERY-THING!**

WHAT'S IN THE PACKAGE, VINCENT... CIGARS, CANDY, MAYBE?

LEMME SEE, NOW... THREE OC; HP₂₀ H₂O₆₆ PD₂ Q₃ + 3 GRAMS SULPHIDE OF POTAS --

DON'T TOUCH THAT BOX, LALA!

I SAID, LEAVE IT ALONE... YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT MY GREAT WORK SOON ENOUGH!

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SOMEDAY THANK VINCENT PALOOZA, ALONG WITH LOU PASTEUR AND THOSE BOYS NOW, WHERE'S THAT OTHER CHEMISTRY BOOK OF MINE?

I SIMPLY **MUST** FIND OUT WHAT THAT LOON HAS IN THIS BOX!

FOR DAYS NOW HE'S BEEN MUTTERING SOME NONSENSE ABOUT BEING A BENEFACTOR TO MANKIND, AND MAKING NOTES NO END!

GONE! WHERE ARE THEY?

HEY! BRING BACK MY LABORATORY MICE!

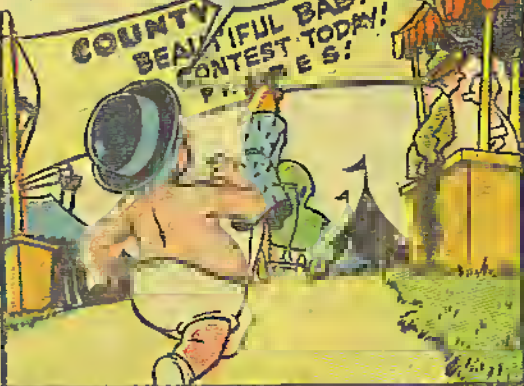
EEEEEEK!

?

POISON IVY

WHAT'S
THIS?

COUNTY
BEAUTIFUL BABY
CONTEST TODAY!
PRIZES:



BEAUTIFUL BABY
CONTEST, EH? I
AIN'T SO PRETTY
BUT MAYBE I CAN
WIN ON ME
POISONALITY!
BESIDES, I NEED
THE DOUGH!

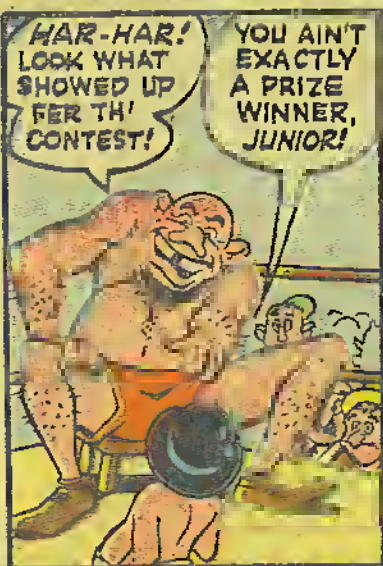


WHAT A
CROWD!
THIS MUST
BE THE
CONTEST!



HAR-HAR!
LOOK WHAT
SHOWED UP
FER TH'
CONTEST!

YOU AIN'T
EXACTLY
A PRIZE
WINNER,
JUNIOR!

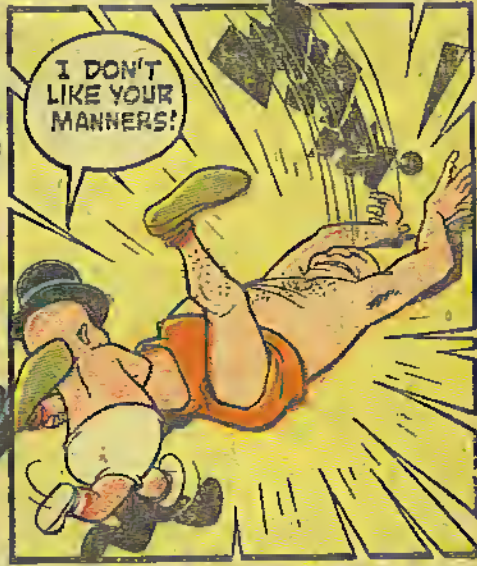


HEE-HEE!
HAS BABY
GOT ALL HIMS
TEETHUMS?

OW!



I DON'T
LIKE YOUR
MANNERS!



TH'
WINNAH!

??? YOU
MEAN I'M
THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
BABY?



HUH? - OH,
YEAH! HEH-HEH!
YOU WERE
GORGEOUS!

TO ANYONE WHO CAN
WRESTLE FIVE MINUT
WITH
CRUSHER
PETE

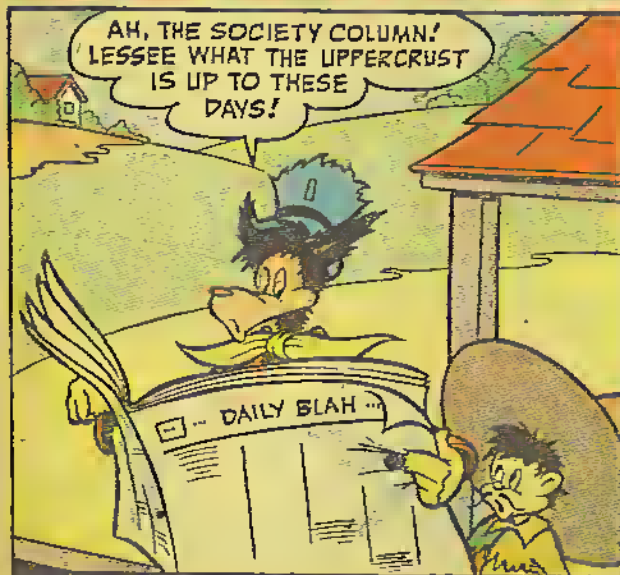


IF I'M SO DOGGONE
BEAUTIFUL, WHY WERE
THEY GIVIN' ME THE
HORSE LAUGH?





ROSCOE

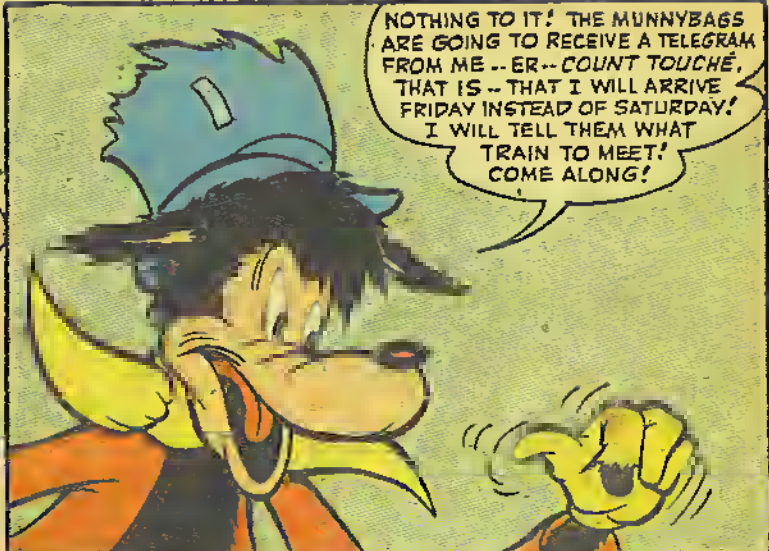


AT LAST, EL POPO, MY CHANCE TO MIX WITH THE CREAM OF SOCIETY! I SHALL BE THE COUNT TOUCHE!

THAT IS THE DAY THE CREAM OF SOCIETY WILL TURN SOUR! AND WHAT MAD SCHEME DO YOU HAVE UP YOUR TATTERED SLEEVE THIS TIME, AMIGO?



NOTHING TO IT! THE MUNNYBAGS ARE GOING TO RECEIVE A TELEGRAM FROM ME --ER-- COUNT TOUCHE, THAT IS -- THAT I WILL ARRIVE FRIDAY INSTEAD OF SATURDAY! I WILL TELL THEM WHAT TRAIN TO MEET! COME ALONG!



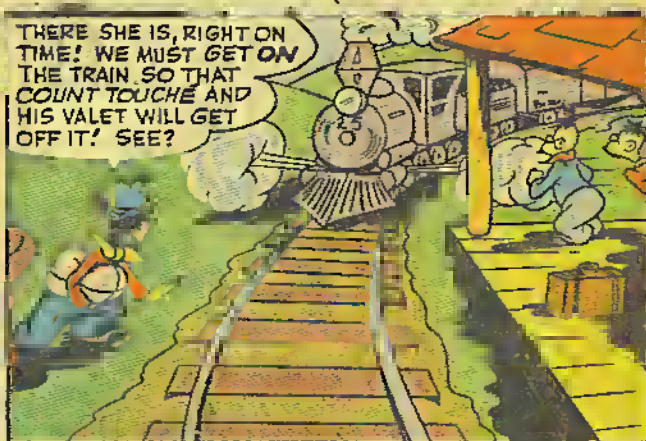
I CAN SPELL, SO I'LL SEND THE TELEGRAM! YOU GET THE THINGS ON THAT LIST AND DON'T MENTION OUR PLANS TO ANYONE!

DO NOT WORRY, SEÑOR! I WOULD NOT WANT ANYONE TO THINK I AM AS LOCO AS I KNOW YOU ARE!



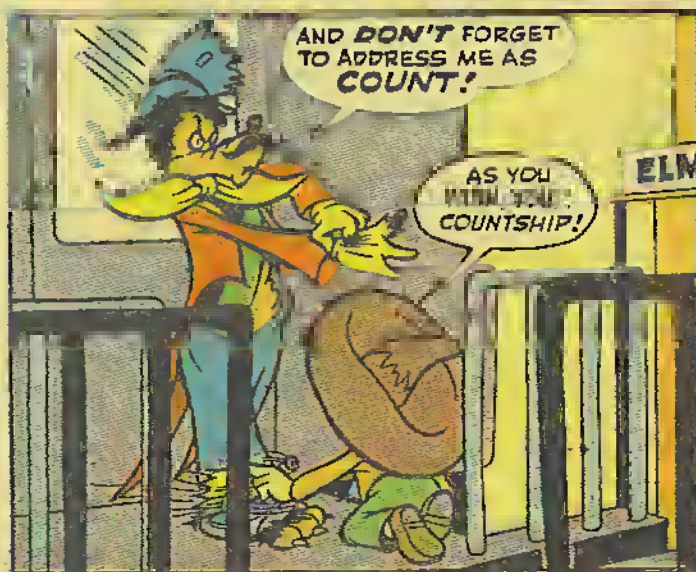
And so, on Friday, our hero comes from the wrong side of the tracks..as usual..to make his grand entrance into high society!

THERE SHE IS, RIGHT ON TIME! WE MUST GET ON THE TRAIN SO THAT COUNT TOUCHE AND HIS VALET WILL GET OFF IT! SEE?



AND DON'T FORGET TO ADDRESS ME AS COUNT!

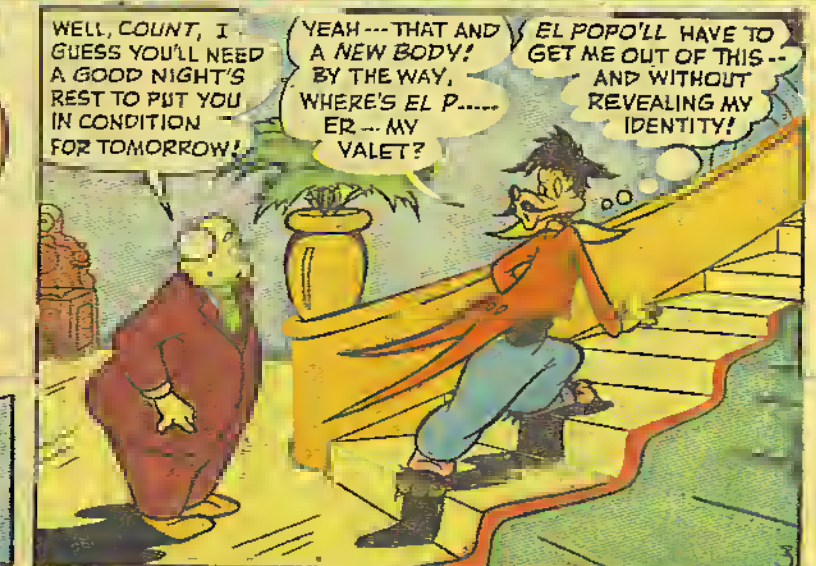
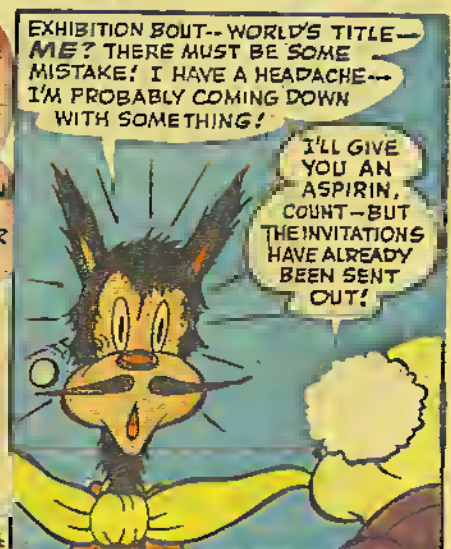
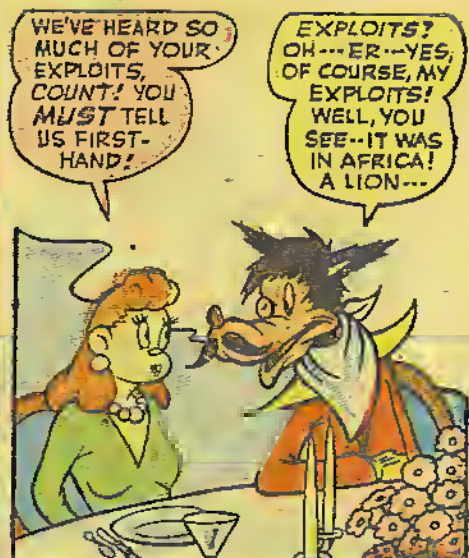
AS YOU WISH, YOUR COUNTSHIP!

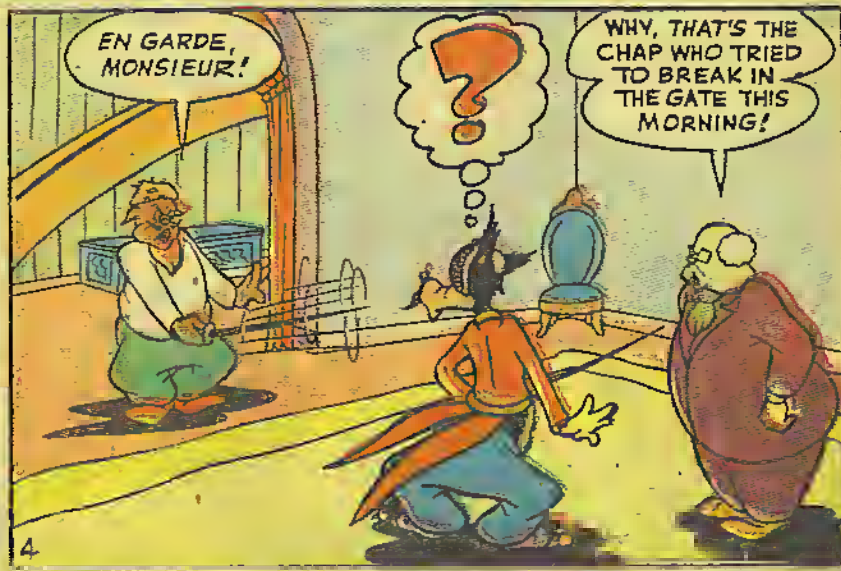
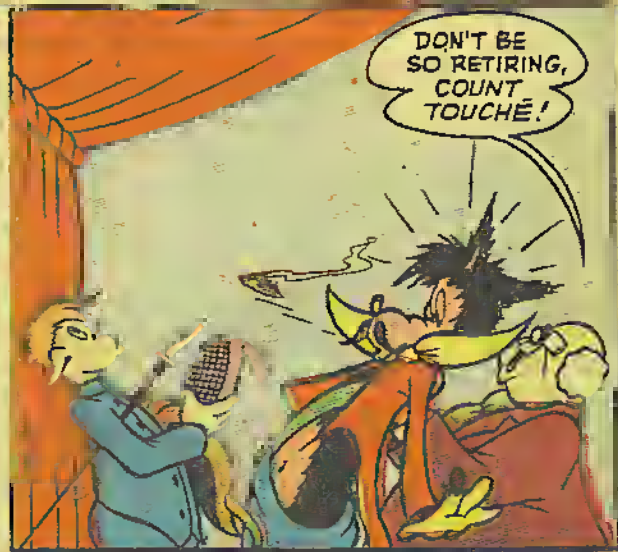
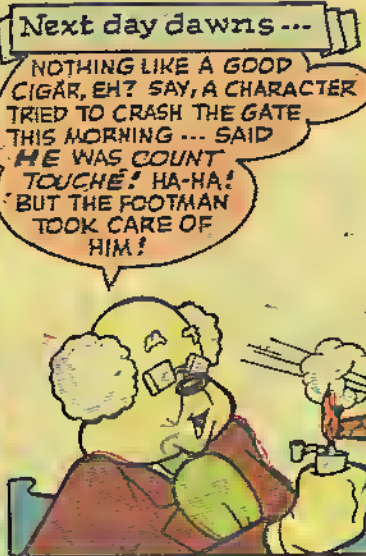
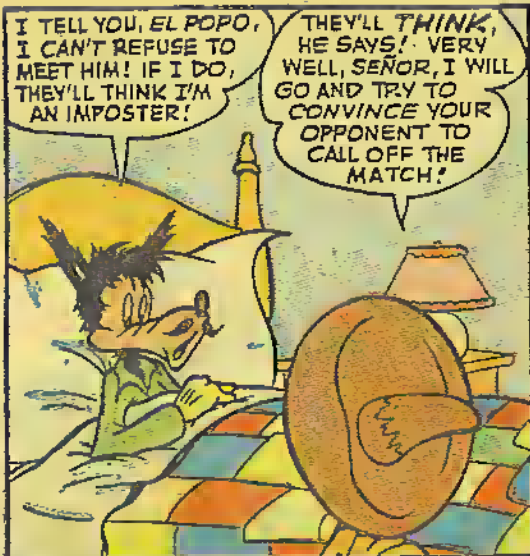


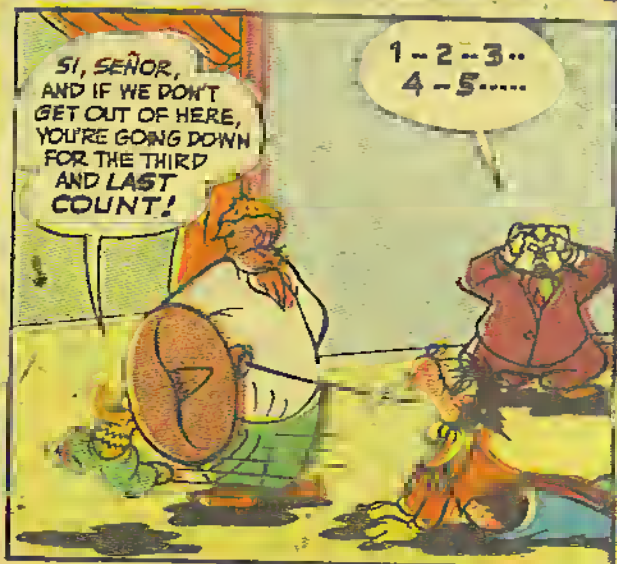
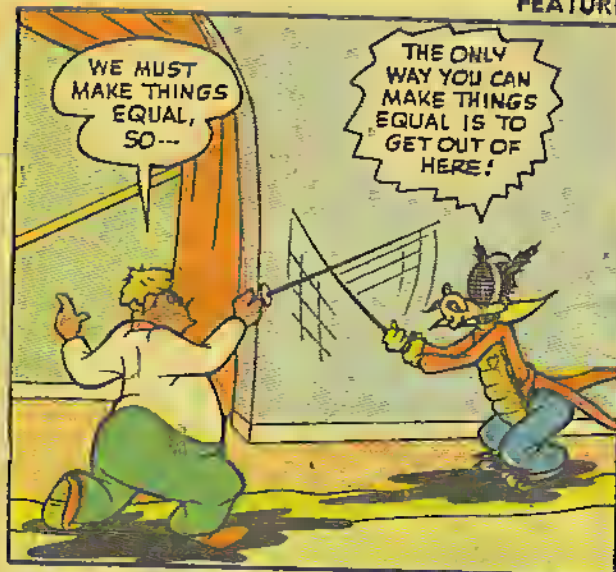
COUNT TOUCHE, MR. MUNNYBAGS AWAITS IN THE LIMOUSINE TO TAKE YOU TO HIS HOME!



FEATURE COMICS







SWING SISSON



Swing Sisson is always on the side of the law... but the law is not always on the side of **SWING!** Detective Rocks was one of those... tone-deaf to all music except the singing of stool pigeons, the drumming of fists and the melodic clink of handcuffs!

THANKS FOR THOSE HELPING HANDS, BOYS AND GIRLS! WE HAVE CELEBRITIES HERE TONIGHT, AND ONE IN PARTICULAR I WANT TO INTRODUCE...



I MEAN **DETECTIVE ROCKS**---COOL CLEANER-UP OF CRIME IN THE QUIETER, SUNKIER SECTIONS OF TOWN---JUST PROMOTED TO HEAD OF THE **HOT SPOT CROWD!** THERE HE IS AT THAT REAR TABLE! GIVE HIM A HAND! **STAND UP AND TAKE A BOW, DETECTIVE ROCKS!**

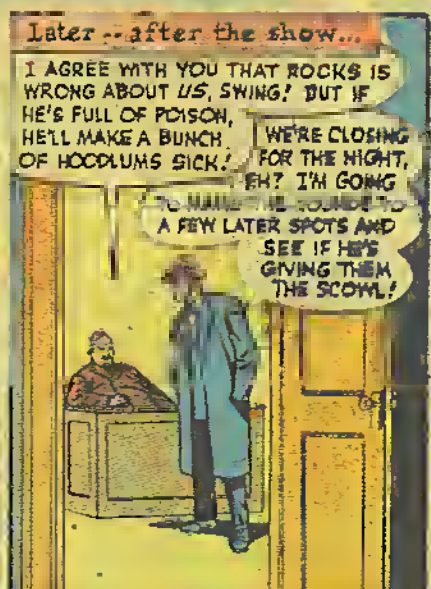
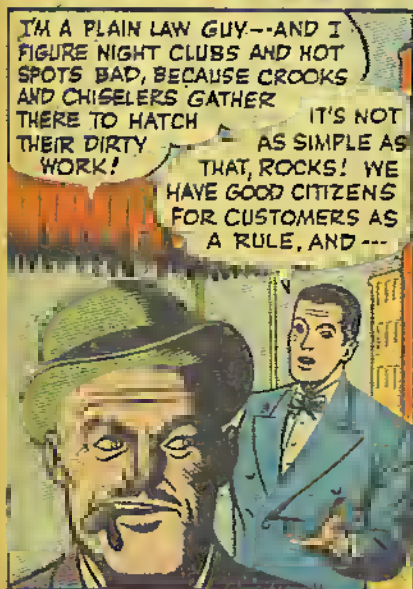
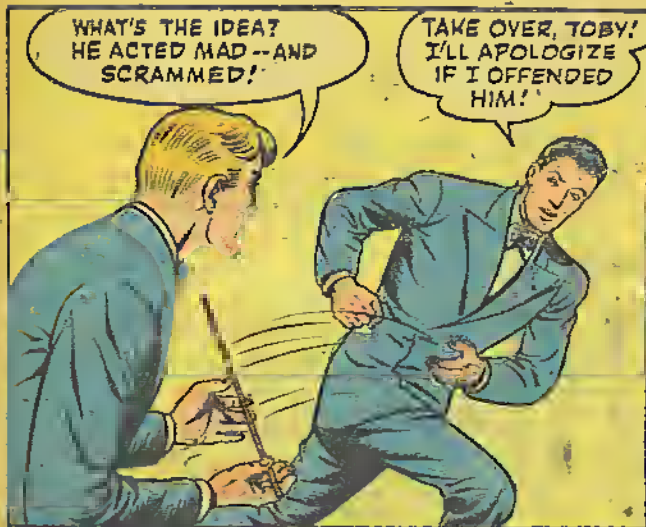


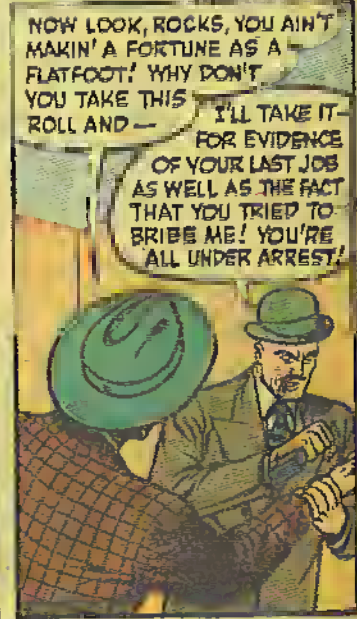
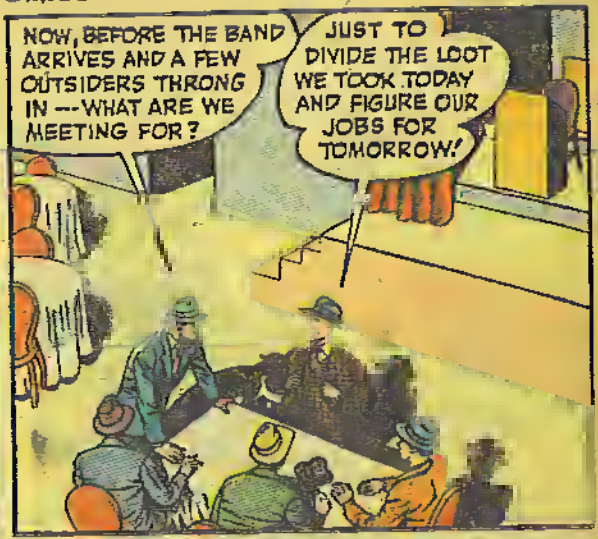
'RAY!

EXCUSE ME!



GOOD LUCK, ROCKS!







I'LL GIVE THE TWO OF YOU A LAST CHANCE! WE'LL GIVE YOU A CUT OF OUR DOUGH AND YOU KEEP YOUR TRAPS SHUT!

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY TO BUY EITHER OF US! NO SALE, STUPID!

BOSS, HERE THEY ARE, AT LAST!

GOOD! THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITING FOR!



THEY'LL TUNE UP AND MAKE PLENTY OF LOUD NOTES --- ENOUGH TO DROWN OUT ANY NOISE WE MAKE TAKING CARE OF YOU TWO!

I'VE HEARD OF THAT BEING DONE!

OKAY, YOU WITH THE BATON! PLAY SOMETHING --- ANYTHING LOUD!

COMING UP!

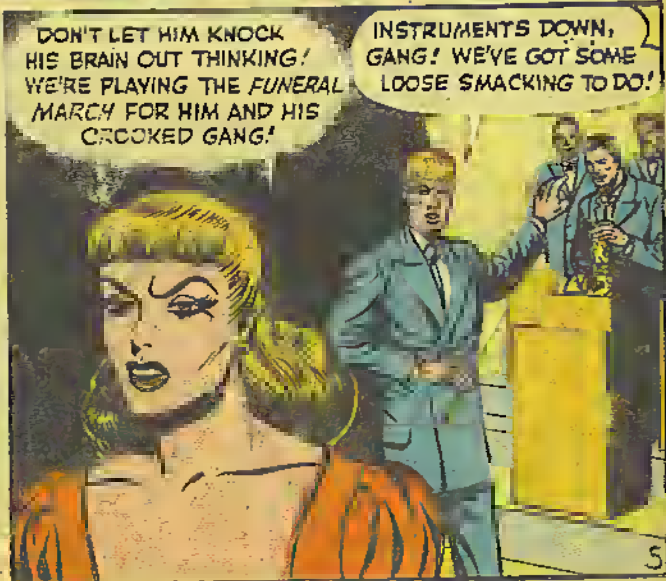


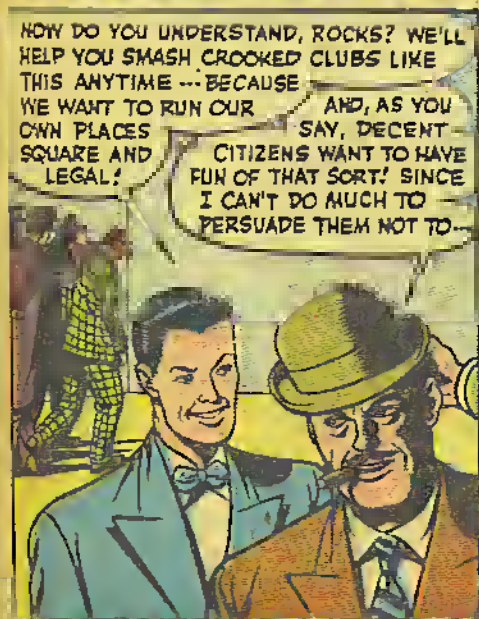
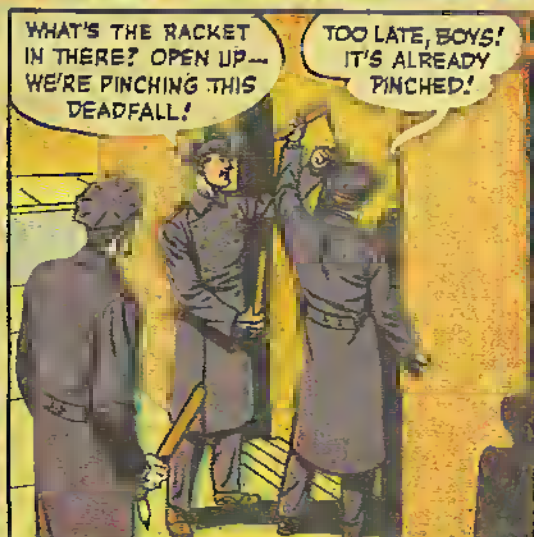
HEAR THAT? THE FUNERAL MARCH! APPROPRIATE, HUH?

VERY APPROPRIATE ---BUT STOP AND THINK WHO IT'S BEING PLAYED FOR!

DON'T LET HIM KNOCK HIS BRAIN OUT THINKING! WE'RE PLAYING THE FUNERAL MARCH FOR HIM AND HIS CROOKED GANG!

INSTRUMENTS DOWN, GANG! WE'VE GOT SOME LOOSE SMACKING TO DO!





RIVER of FLAME

IT WAS the pilot of a B-24 who started the wild story. Or that's what most people thought. This pilot took his big plane over a section of Borneo during the Jap business and laid a few eggs where they'd hatch advantageously. But while he was circling to watch the results, he saw something else.

"You've heard these tales about 'Entopia,'" he told the fellows after he got back from his flight. "Well, that's what I saw between those towering mountains. I'll leave it to anyone in the crew. Those ginks were dived in gold and jewels, every one of 'em!"

The crew of the ship backed him up.

"I'm going back when this is over," the pilot emphatically stated. "I'm gonna get some of that gold and some of them sparklers, you see!"

But the pilot never went back. His next mission was disastrous. A wolf pack of aces came out of the clouds and riddled the big B-24. Pilot and entire crew were lost.

So Perry Scott got the story second-hand, as it were. In the wreckage of the big plane, they found the wire-recorder, and when they played it back they got the pilot's story—as the navigator had relayed it into the instrument.

It was just as well that young Scott heard the wire-recorder yarn after things were quiet in the Pacific; he couldn't have started out anyway, because he was attached to Intelligence. But when the time came when things were completely mopped up, he got himself a little party and they made their plans quickly.

There was one thing that worried Perry about that pilot's wild tale. He had mentioned several times about burning rivers—rivers blazing with leaping flames. This river—or three rivers—were, according to the instrument, afforded the only outlet to the hidden valley in which the people wearing gold and jewels were seen.

Perry had studied maps and histories of Borneo until his eyes hurt. But he hadn't come upon any mention of such fire-spouting streams. Nor, on the other hand, was there mention of mirages being common in Borneo.

In making up the equipment for their party, Perry was most careful. They'd go in with a small powerful schooner. (There was no sense of trying a plane landing in such a country—too dangerous.) A boat was the thing.

On that boat was a strange assortment of stuff—trade goods for the natives, special weapons in case they were needed, protective gadgets of a most unique and weird sort.

Then they were on their way.

You've heard of Sarawak, the long narrow strip of Borneo ruled by a white rajah and under British rule. Perry had gone there for an interview but had learned almost nothing. Yes, they had heard of burning rivers in the interior of Borneo, but the interior was not their country and so there had been no attempt by the British to explore it.

"If," said one, "you happen to find oil in there, I can assure you His Majesty will be interested in making an expedition. Otherwise—" he spread his hands.

"We'll be glad to lend any assistants, however," the spokesman stated. "The Geographical Society is always interested in new tribes and things."

Perry asked for no help, and a few days later he was heading up a narrow, deep stream that led in the general direction of the interior.

He had never seen such tangled jungles as bordered this stream. Strange, vividly colored birds hooted and screamed on both shores. Monkeys shattered and shook tiny fists from the treetops. Giant reptiles hung from lower limbs. No place to be caught afoot.

For many days the little power craft drew toward that mysterious inland Entopia. Once or twice they saw natives sinking through the trees. Some of them carried long blowguns, and so Perry knew that poison darts were used, a scratch of one being fatal.

They suddenly came to a stretch of water that prohibited further movement of the big boat. Here they unloaded part of the equipment

FEATURE COMICS

and made a permanent camp. It was near a green towering range of mountains. The shallow stream meandered through a narrow cut between the hills.

Into play came the hint of Perry's strange equipment. These were boats—canoe-like—made of thin aluminum, that would each carry two passengers. A cover extended over the entire open portion of the odd craft, allowing only the passengers' heads to protrude. He had received a lot of jostling about these boats, but he knew their value.

There were ten of the boats, some of them seating only one person. So seventeen of the crew in all crawled into them and began paddling through the cut. They carried a good stock of trade goods for any natives they'd encounter, plus rifles and sidearms.

They paddled all one day, the cut growing narrower and the walls on either side higher. It was constant twilight on the little rowing stream. The boats proved to be just the thing for this type of traveling.

Then, abruptly, they came out into a lagoon of still water and their eyes opened in surprise. A village sprawled on both sides of the lagoon which extended for nearly half a mile beyond the cut. A few natives wandered aimlessly about the numerous huts. Fires burned.

It was these natives that caught the eye. They were dressed in gleaming armor, and fire twinkled at them every movement.

"My gosh," said Perry. "That armor is solid gold, filled with gems! Look at it flash!"

They drew their canoes up on shore, while the natives simply stood stock still and watched them. They didn't seem menacing. They were small men, almost black, but their features were not Negroid.

Perry stepped out of his canoe and held his right hand up in the universal token of friendship. He spoke a few words in English.

What appeared to be a gaudy chief stepped into view, his hand raised. Perry saw that his upper lip was adorned with several red-dyed sharpened bones stuck through the skin. It gave him the appearance of a sleek black cat with a red mustache. He was decked out in gold armor and the jewels it contained were enough to make a fellow dizzy.

The chief stepped up without any timidity and then did a strange thing: he prostrated himself before Perry and the men who had followed him. He chuckled and blinked and pointed and on his head.

Perry grinned and said over his shoulder to the nearest of his friends, "Think we're gods of some sort. Must keep 'em thinking that."

Perry then began doling out presents—tiny mirrors, strings of firecrackers, matches, cheap flashlights. When the natives were shown how to work these strange trinkets, they were as delighted as children.

Food and drink appeared as if by magic. Perry tapped the chief's golden armor, then tapped himself. The chief began peeling off his strange golden suit, nodding happily. Others began doing the same thing. Anything for the gods!

An old medicine man who had been crouching near the chief suddenly leaped up and stuck a long needle-like lance into one of Perry's men. He let out a howl as blood gushed from the ugly wound. The natives stood gaping, wide-eyed. Then the chief let out a howl and everyone began gathering up their weapons.

Their chatter was unmistakable. Now they knew these white creatures were not gods—they bled, didn't they?

Perry and his men faced for their canoes, piled in and began paddling for the cut. As they drew near it, a strange thing happened. Flames soared from the walls on both sides, completely covering the water.

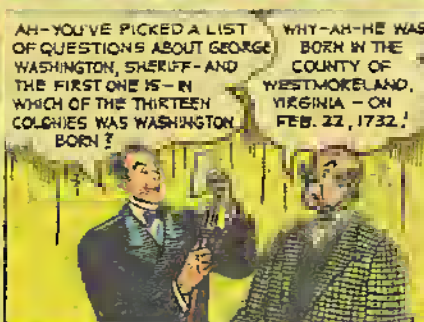
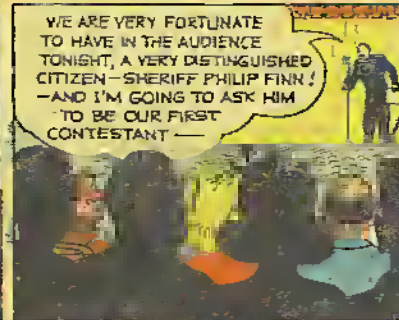
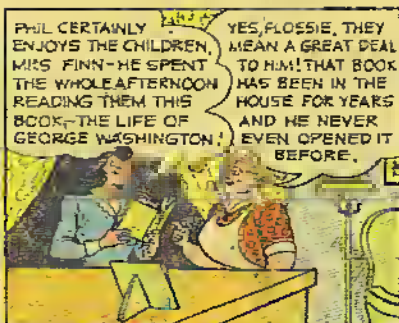
"Hm," said Perry to himself, "just as I supposed. 'All right,' he yelled. "Do as I do and we can get through." He flopped over and his head disappeared below the water. The others did the same, paddling under water, holding their breath. Their feet grew warm, then hot. But at last the boat bottoms cooled off and they righted their canoes. They had come through the flames.

"Well," laughed Perry, "we didn't make it that time, but we'll have another try, next time with a plan. Plenty of space to land and take off in there. . . Now how do you like the idea of using Eskimo kayaks?"

"They surely saved our lives," one of the men said. "Been burned to a crisp otherwise."

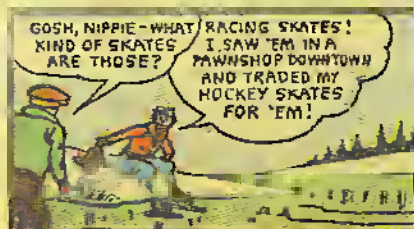
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

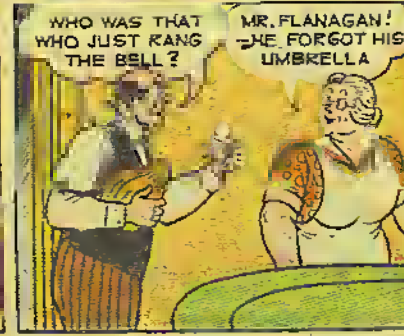
by LANK LEONARD

WELL, FLANAGAN, I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED YOUR VACATION IN FLORIDA—AND I APPRECIATE YOU DROPPIN' IN!

I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW I WAS BACK, PHIL—AND TO BRING YOU THAT COCOANUT FOR A SOUVENIR!

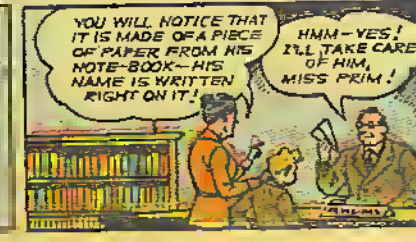
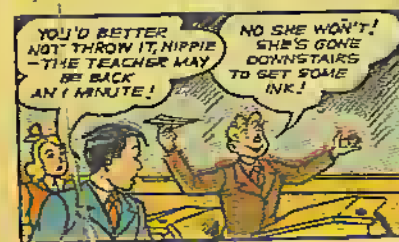
IT CERTAINLY WAS THOUGHTFUL OF MR. FLANAGAN TO BRING YOU BACK THIS COCOANUT, PHILIP!

INDEED, IT WAS! I'VE ALWAYS SAID HE WAS A FINE MAN!



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT MR. FLANAGAN WITH THAT COCONUT! HE BROUGHT YOU FROM FLORIDA, UNCLE PHIL!

LISTEN, MICHAEL—FLANAGAN GAVE ME THAT COCONUT FOR ONLY ONE REASON—HE KNEW I'D HAVE ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE OPENIN' IT!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS, PHIL—MICHAEL HEARD THAT HE BROUGHT BACK A NUMBER OF THEM—TO GIVE TO HIS FRIENDS AS SOUVENIRS.

THAT'S RIGHT, UNCLE PHIL—AND NOW INSTEAD OF BEING A FRIEND, HE'LL BE YOUR ENEMY FOR LIFE!

WHO CARES? HE CAN'T DO ME ANY HARM! I COULD BREAK HIM IN TWO!

MAYBE YOU COULD! BUT MR. FLANAGAN IS A SMART MAN, UNCLE PHIL—AND I'LL BET HE'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU YET!

HUMPH! I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM TRY IT!

SAY, PHIL—WHAT DID YOU EVER DO TO FLANAGAN?

WHY DO YOU ASK THAT?

GIVE

HA! HA! YOU'LL FIND OUT!

HA! HA! HO! HO!

?

WHEN DID YOU RUB FLANAGAN THE WRONG WAY, PHIL?

W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HA! HA! HE HASN'T SEEN IT, YET!

HO! HO! BUT YOU WILL, PHIL! YOU WILL!

?

CLANCY—QUICK! WHAT HAS FLANAGAN DONE TO ME?

OH! HO! PHIL, IT'S REALLY A WORK OF ART!

W-WHAT IS?

WELL, PHIL—YOU KNOW FLANAGAN HAS A HOBBY—HE WHITTLES! YOU'D BETTER LOOK AT HIS WINDOW!

P. J. FLANAGAN
REAL ESTATE—INSURANCE

THESE SOUVENIRS FROM FLORIDA
CARVED FROM COCONUTS

!

NIPPIE

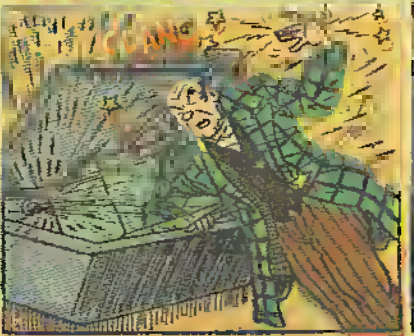
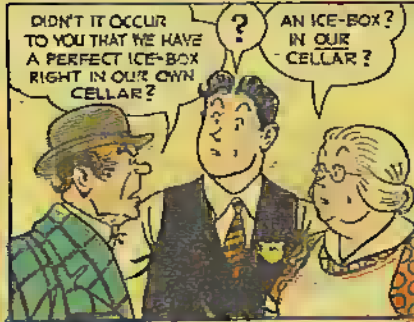
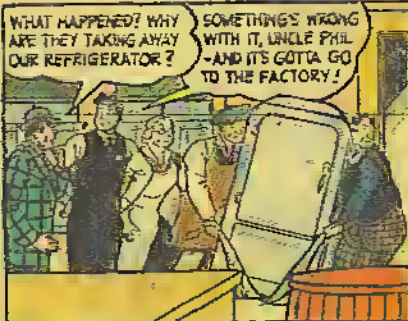
By Lank Leonard

WELL, I'M FINISHED! NOW FOR SOME FUN!



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

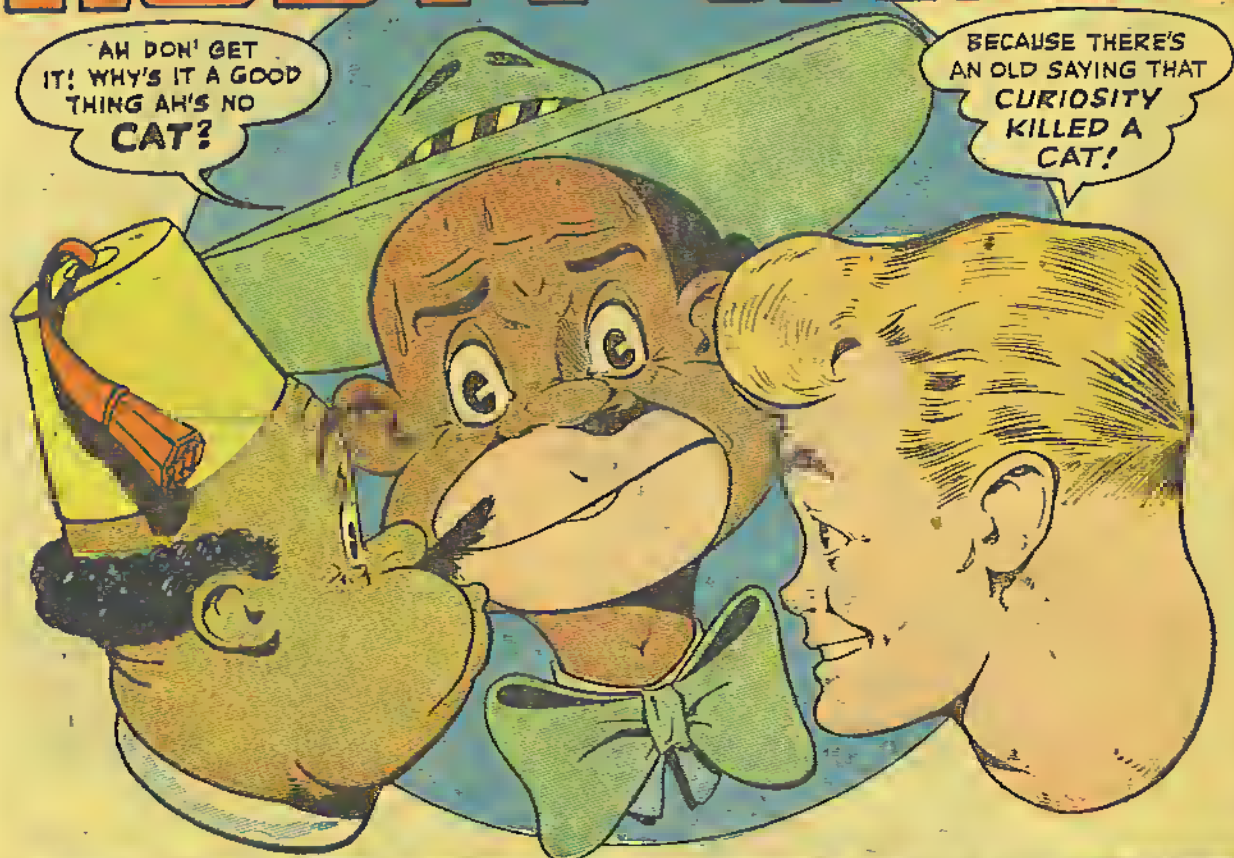


NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



RUSTY RYAN



Of the three adventurers, Rusty Ryan, Alababa and Pierpont Lee, Pierpont is undoubtedly the most curious person in the world.... Alababa tries to pull more shady deals than any other person you've ever known.... and Rusty... well, he's just looking for adventure, except that it's right there with him! He's always trying to keep Pierpont and Alababa out of trouble!

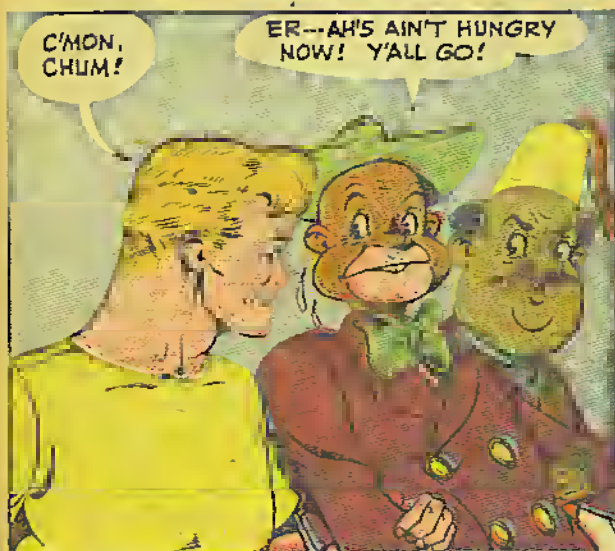
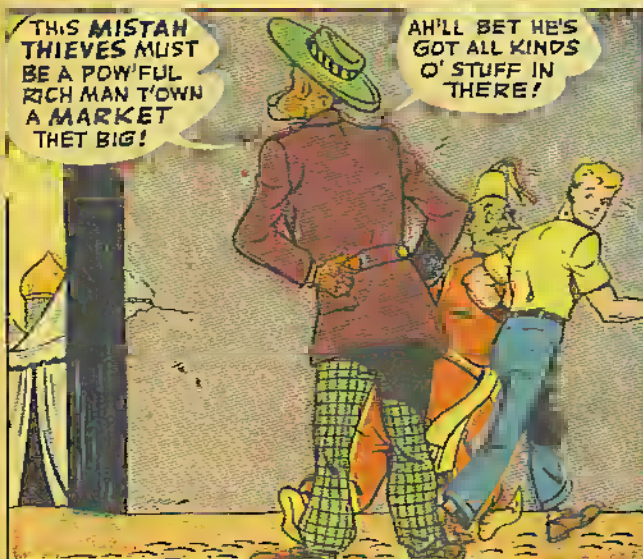
Y'DON' SAY! WAL, AH'S RESOLUTIN' RIGHT NOW THET AH'S QUITTIN' CURIOSITIN'! AH'S GONNA MIND MAH OWN---



---BUSINESS!

WAL, LOOKIT THET!



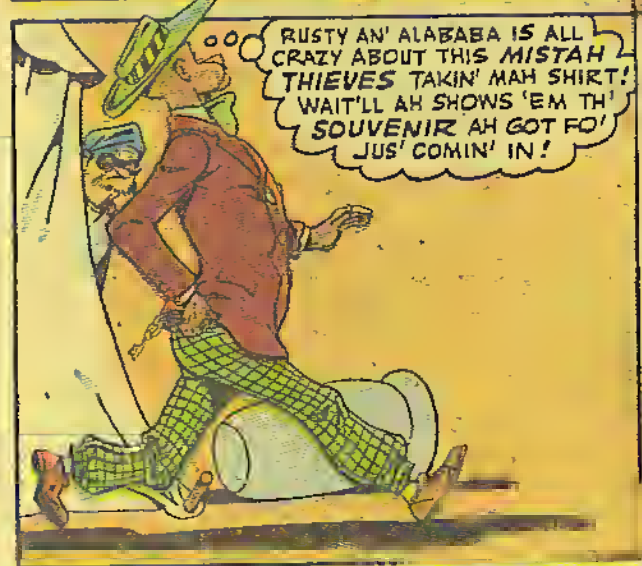




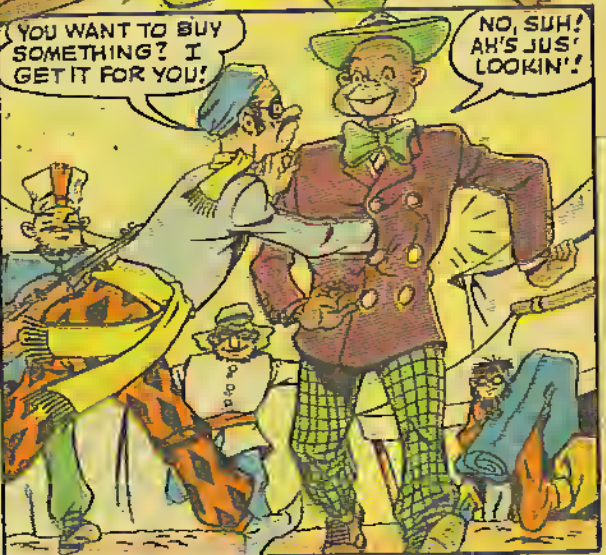
AH CAIN'T SEE WHY AH CAIN'T GO IN!

HERE!

WELL, LOOKIT THET! HE DONE GAVE ME A KEY CHAIN JUS' LIKE WHAT AH'S GOT!



RUSTY AN' ALABABA IS ALL CRAZY ABOUT THIS MISTAH THIEVES TAKIN' MAH SHIRT! WAIT'LL AH SHOWS 'EM TH' SOUVENIR AH GOT FO' JUS' COMIN' IN!



YOU WANT TO BUY SOMETHING? I GET IT FOR YOU!

NO, SUH! AH'S JUS' LOOKIN'!



JEWELS?

CHEAP!

YOU BUY THESE?

YOU GOT MONEY?

ER...B-BUT AH'S...

AND... as Rusty and Alababa finish dinner...

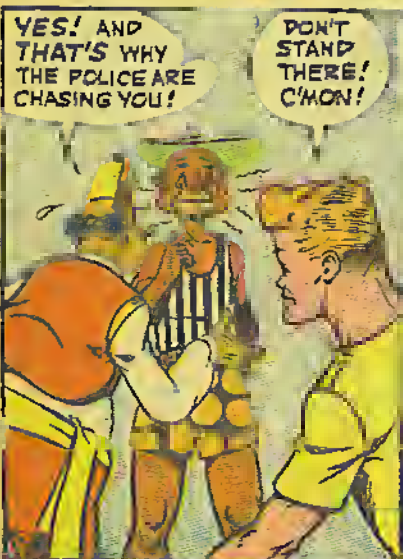
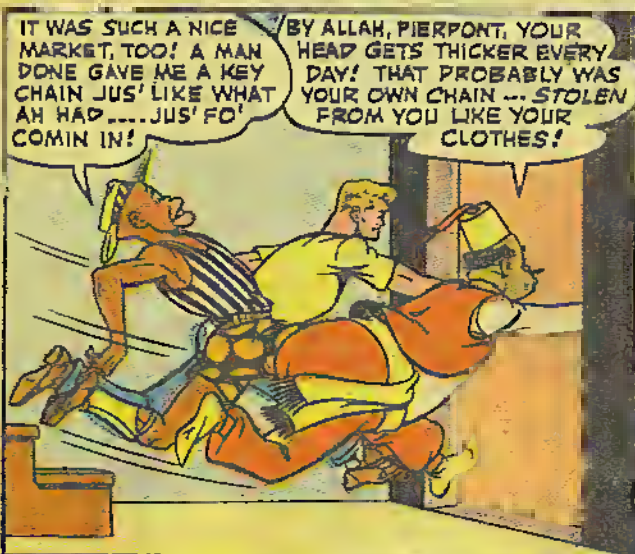
MISTAH RUSTY!

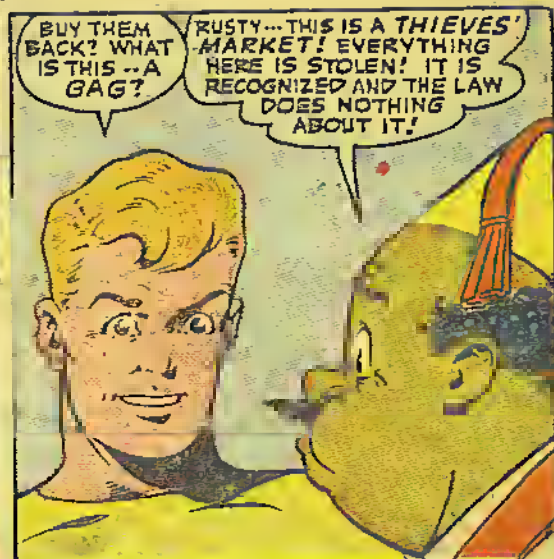


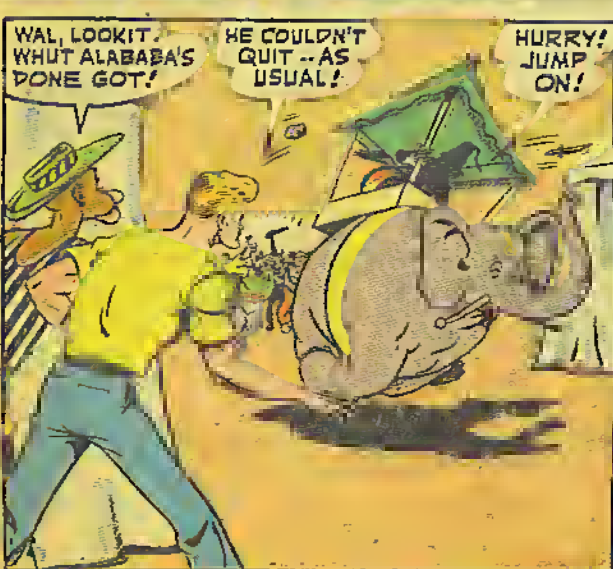
WALP!

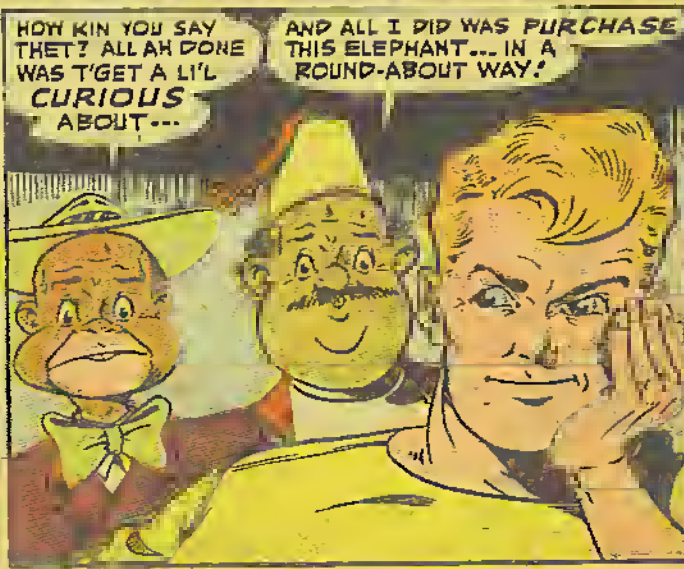
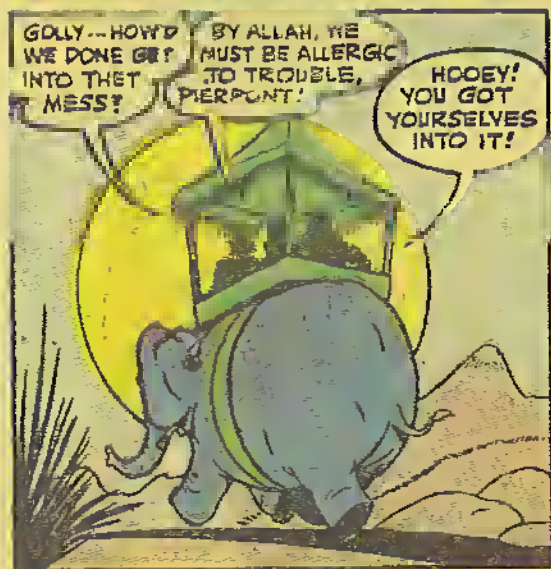
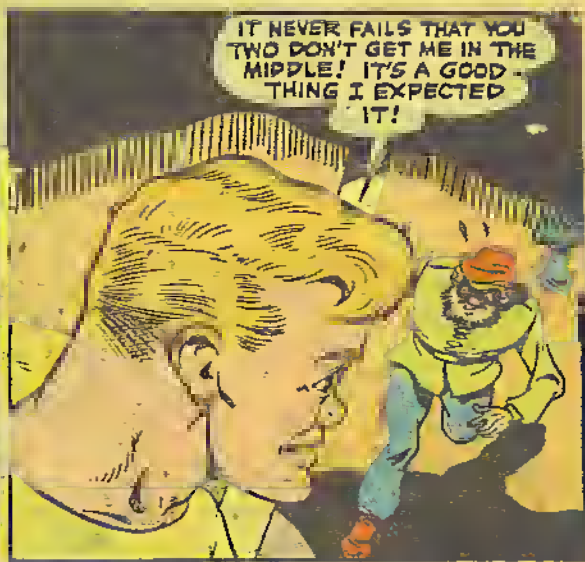
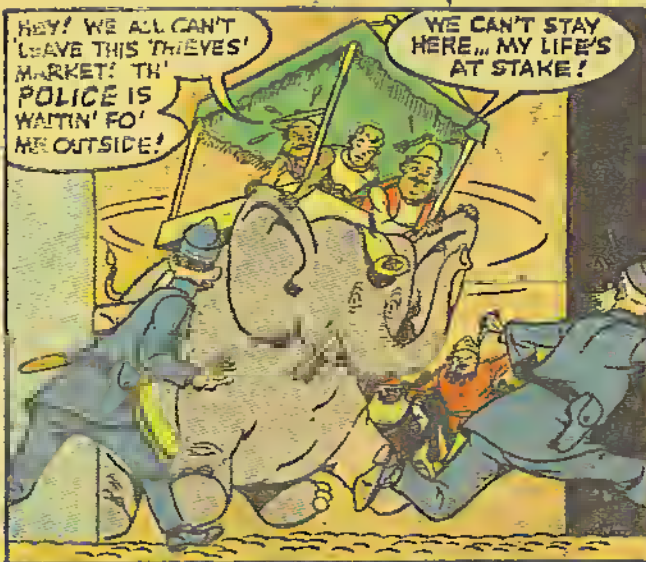
YEIK!

BY ALLAH! HE DIDN'T HEED OUR WARNING!

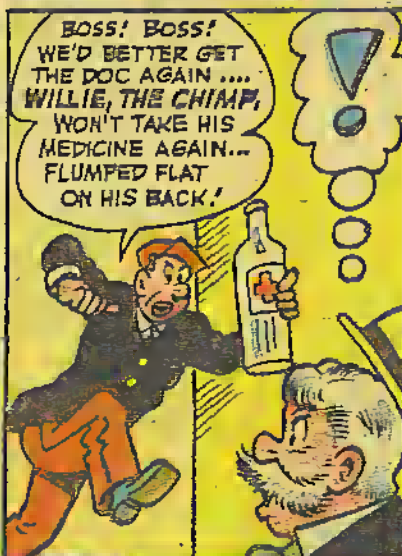
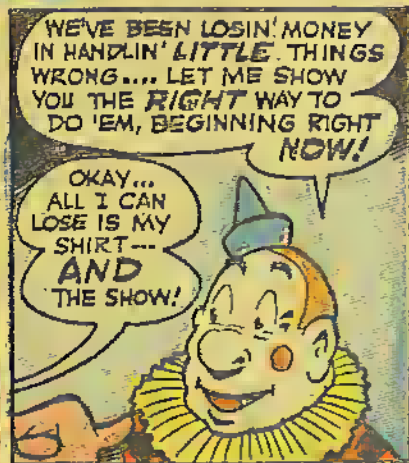
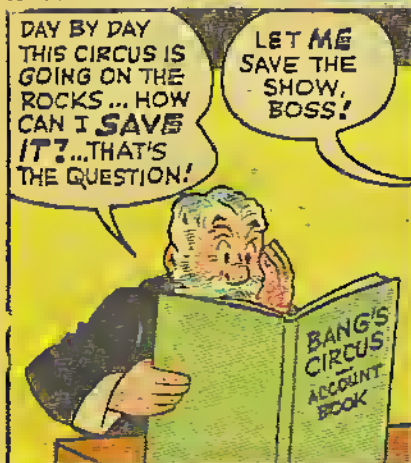








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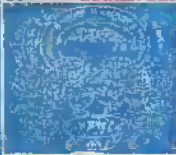
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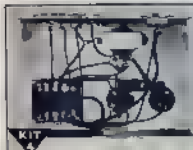
Have you Hadling Equipment and Tires
Tires, have you had to do with tires
and tires to make and custom tires
and tires and tires and tires



Maybe in my Census I share you love in
bull's eye N.E.S. Times with your shared.
In your paper you do a high school teacher
and with the N.E.S. Times you make them



You get parts to build Mario's character
from each of the 100 different blocks. It's like a 100-
piece puzzle. You get a special reward for each of
the 100 pieces. You get a special reward for each of



How get yards in field this Faraway Land
I know, Jack; make a change. Much, much
and more, and all kinds of many things
I can't do, but I can make you Jack



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Fig. 2. α -ketoglutarate concentration in the medium of the cells of the *Y. enterocolitica* strain 4/04/80, grown in the presence of 10% fetal calf serum (1) and 10% fetal calf serum + 10% fetal calf serum + 10% fetal calf serum (2). The cells were grown in the presence of 10% fetal calf serum (1) and 10% fetal calf serum + 10% fetal calf serum + 10% fetal calf serum (2). The cells were grown in the presence of 10% fetal calf serum (1) and 10% fetal calf serum + 10% fetal calf serum + 10% fetal calf serum (2).

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